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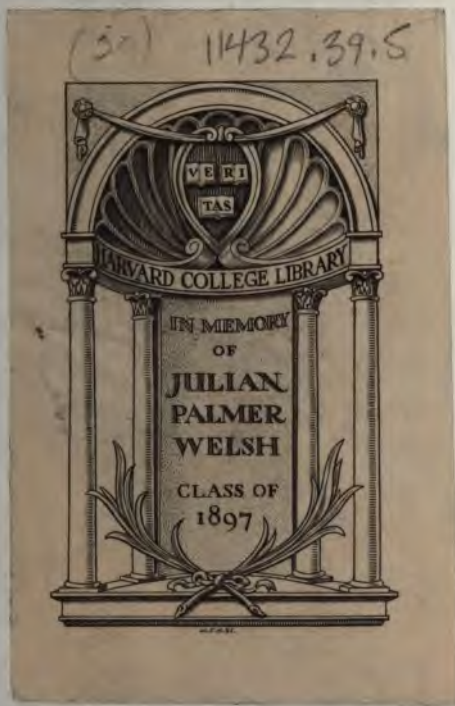
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INCHBALD'S

BRITISH THEATRE.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. MOYES, GREVILLE STREET.

THE

BRITISH THEATRE;

OR,

A COLLECTION OF PLAYS,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

The Theatres Royal,

DRURY LANE, COVENT GARDEN, HAYMARKET, AND LYCEUM.

PRINTED, UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS, FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS,

By MRS. INCHBALD.

A NEW EDITION.

IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

VOL. XX.

LONDON:

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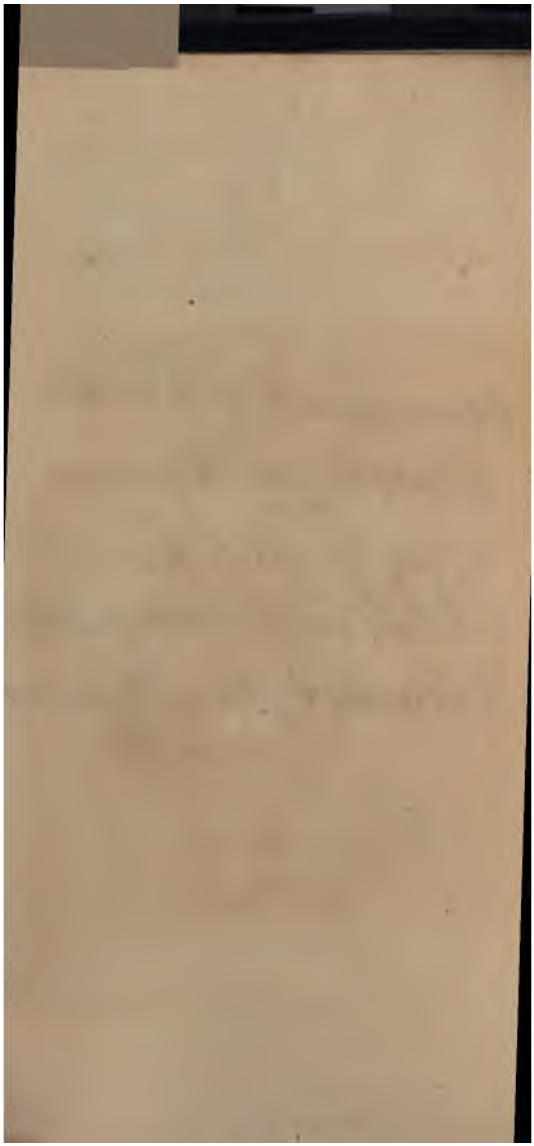

INCHBALD'S

BRITISH THEATRE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE DUKE	*Mr. Davenport*
BASSANIO	*Mr. C. Kemble*
GRATIANO	*Mr. Farley.*
LORENZO	*Mr. Taylor.*
SALANIO	*Mr. Treby.*
SALARINO	*Mr. Claremont.*
ANTONIO	*Mr. Pope.*
SHYLOCK	*Mr. Cooke.*
TUBAL	*Mr. Atkins.*
GOBBO	*Mr. Emery.*
LAUNCELOT	*Mr. Munden.*
BALTHAZAR	*Mr. Jefferies.*
LEONARDO	*Mr. Abbot.*
STEPHANO	*Mr. L. Bologna.*
PIETRO	*Mr. Field.*
GAOLER	*Mr. Platt.*
PORTIA	*Miss Smith.*
NERISSA	*Miss Waddy.*
JESSICA	*Mrs. Smith.*

MAGNIFICOES OF VENICE, OFFICERS OF THE COURT OF JUSTICE, *and* MUSICIANS.

SCENE—Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the Seat of PORTIA, *on the Continent.*

THE

MERCHANT OF VENICE

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Street in Venice.

Enter SALARINO, ANTONIO, *and* SALANIO

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you:
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them rev'rence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sala. Believe me, sir, had I such venture f
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still

Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.
Sala. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Enter BASSANIO, GRATIANO, *and* LORENZO.

Sala. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when? [*To* SALA. *and* SAL.
You grow exceeding strange; must it be so?
Sal. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt* SAL. *and* SALA.
Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;

MERCHANT OF VENICE

SHY. HIS OATH THAT THOU DIDST HAVE! TO HAVE THYSELF
ACT IV. SCENE I.

Drawn by Leathersingy R.A. *Published by Longman & Co. March 1818.* *Engraved by C Heath*

THE

MERCHANT OF VENICE;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

Of wondrous virtues; sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages;
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors.
O, my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PORTIA'S *House at Belmont.*

Three Caskets, of Gold, Silver, and Lead, set out.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that *surfeit with too much*, as they that starve with nothing: *it is no mean* happiness, therefore, to be seated

in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nam'st them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid my lady, his mother, played false with a smith.

Ner. Then, there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth *nothing* but frown; as who should *say, "An' if you will* not have me, choose:" he hear *merry tales, and* smiles not: I fear, he will pro

the weeping philosopher, when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. Heaven defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. Heaven made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: if he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness I shall never requite him.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober: and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk; when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is a little better than a beast: and, the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort

than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so very reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray heaven grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do not you remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so he was called.

Ner. True, madam; he of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter BALTHAZAR.

Por. How now! what news?

Bal. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street in Venice.

Enter SHYLOCK *and* BASSANIO.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. No, no, no, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath squandered abroad: but ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land rats, and water rats, water thieves, and land thieves; I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: the man is, notwithstanding, *sufficient:—three thousand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.*

Bass. Be assured, you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me: may I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Bass. This is signior Antonio.— *Exit* BASSANIO.

Shy. How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice:
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

Enter BASSANIO *and* ANTONIO.

He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating on my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me:—but soft; how many months
Do you desire?—rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking *nor by giving* of excess,

Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom :—Is he yet possess'd
How much you would?
Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot—three months; you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see,—but hear you,
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
Ant. I do never use it.
Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.
Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?
Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings that were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast.
Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.

An holy soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
On the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe;
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have monies;" you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats;" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies,
I'll lend you thus much monies."

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?)
But lend *it rather to* thine enemy;

Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'd rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these christians are,
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others!—'Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew,— [*Exit* SHYLOCK.
This Hebrew will turn christian; he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on; in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Street in Venice, with SHYLOCK'S *house.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO *from the house.*

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from the Jew my master: this fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says—"no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;" or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not

run; scorn running with thy heels:" well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; "via," says the fiend; "away;" says the fiend; "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me—"my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,"—or rather "an honest woman's son;" for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says—"Launcelot, budge not;" "budge," says the fiend; "budge not," says my conscience: conscience, say I, you counsel well: fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, heaven bless the mark! is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnation! and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: the fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will run; fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old GOBBO *with a basket.*

Gob. Master, young man, you: I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not;—I will try conclusions with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning; but, at the next turning of all, on your left; *marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.*

Gob. 'Twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot? [*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters: —talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and heaven be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, master Launcelot;—talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, heaven forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me is my boy (heaven rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Falls on his knees.*] Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. *Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing*—I am Launcelot, your

boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how thou art changed! how dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present.

Laun. Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as heaven has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO *and* STEPHANO *with* LEONARDO.

Bass. You may do so;—See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit* STEPHANO.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. Heaven bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy; wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve——

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew; and I have a desire, as my father shall specify—

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-cousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you.—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,——

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both;—what would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of heaven, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well: go, father, with thy son:——

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out:—give him a livery [*To* LEONARDO.
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head!—Well, [*Looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book,—I shall have good fortune: go *to*, here's a simple line of life! here's *a small trifle* of wives: alas, fifteen wives is *nothing; eleven* widows, and nine maids, is a sim-

ple coming in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed:—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and old* GOBBO.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

[*Exit* BASSANIO.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit* LEONARDO.

Enter BASSANIO.

Gra. Signior Bassanio,——.

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtained it.

Gra. You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why then you must:—but hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal! pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstru'd in the place I go to
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:

If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, Amen;
Never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: but fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time.

[*Exeunt* BASSANIO *and* GRATIANO.

SCENE II.

SHYLOCK'S *House.*

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee,
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest;
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most beautiful Pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Chris-

tian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived:—but, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu!

[*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot—
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But, though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a christian, and thy loving wife.

[*Exit* JESSICA

SCENE III.

A Street in Venice.

Enter SALARINO, SALANIO, GRATIANO, *and* LORENZO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Sala. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two hours
To furnish us:—

Enter LAUNCELOT *and goes to* LORENZO.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it *shall seem to signify.* [*Gives* LORENZO *a letter.*

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;

And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica, I will not fail her;—speak it privately, go.—

[*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

Gentlemen,
Will you prepare you for this mask to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Sal. Ay, marry, I'll begone about it straight.

Sala. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Sala. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all: she hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with.—
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou go'st:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

SHYLOCK'S *House.*

SHYLOCK *seated, and* LAUNCELOT *discovered.*—SHYLOCK'S *hat and cane on the table.*

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :—
What Jessica !—thou shalt not gormandize
As thou hast done with me ;—what, Jessica !—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out—
Why, Jessica, I say !

Laun. Why, Jessica !

Shy. Who bids thee call ? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you ? What is your will ?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica ;
There are my keys :—but wherefore should I go ?
I am not bid for love ; they flatter me :
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house :—I am right loath to go ;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go ; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will *not say, you shall* see a mask ; but if you do, then

it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black Monday last, at six o'clock i'the morning, falling out that year on Ash Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masks? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and, when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say, I will come. [*Goes for his hat and cane.*

Laun. I will go before, sir.—
Mistress, look out at the window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit* LAUN.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha? [*Coming forward.*

Jes. His words were, farewell mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps I will return immediately;
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you;
"Fast bind, fast find;"
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.
[Exit SHYLOCK.

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter lost.

SONG—JESSICA.

Haste, Lorenzo, haste away,
To thy watchful love repair,
Hither come without delay;
Come and ease thy Jessy's care;
Let me, free from tyrant's sway,
Give my doating soul away.

[*Exit* JESSICA.

SCENE V.

A Street in Venice, with SHYLOCK'S *house.*

Enter SALANIO, GRATIANO, *and* SALARINO, *masked.*

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.
Sal. His hour is almost past.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Sala. O ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse, that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

Enter LORENZO *masked.*

Sala. Here comes Lorenzo;—
Lor. *Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;*
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait:

When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then—
Here dwells my father Jew.

SONG—LORENZO.

My bliss too long my bride denies;
Apace the wasting summer flies:
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
Nor storms nor night shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?
O, love has fetters stronger far!
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd;
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast,
When thoughts torment, the first are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
Away, my Jessy, haste away.

JESSICA *at the window.*

Jes. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For whom love I so much? and now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heaven, and my thoughts, are witness that thou art.
Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
Lor. But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away.
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.
Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With *some more ducats*, and be with you straight.
[*Exit* JESSICA *from the window.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.
Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself:
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masking mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exeunt*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Street in Venice.

Enter SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Sal. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.
Sala. The villain Jew with outcries raised the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Sal. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the Duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certify'd the Duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Sala. I never heard a passion so confus'd,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
" My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian!—O my Christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!"
Let good Antonio look he keeps his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry, well remember'd:
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday: who told me that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think, they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Sala. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapt ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sala. Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Sala. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the devil cross thy prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sala. *And Shylock*, for his own part, knew the *bird was fledged*; and then it is the complexion of *them all to leave* the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Sala. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew: hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: if a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villany, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Sala. Here comes another of the tribe; a third *cannot be matched*, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* SAL. and SALA.

Enter TUBAL.

Shy. How now Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief: and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub.—Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God!—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where, in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, four score ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: four score ducats at a sitting! four score ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in

my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it; I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal:—it was my torquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PORTIA'S *House at Belmont.—The Three Caskets of Gold, Silver, and Lead, are set out.*

PORTIA, BASSANIO, NERISSA, GRATIANO, SINGERS, MUSICIANS, PAGES, *and other* ATTENDANTS, *discovered.*

Bass. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,

If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone?

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Bass And so have I address'd me.—Fortune now
To my heart's hope!

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
I could teach you
How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;
So will I never be: so you may miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn.
I speak too long: but 'tis to piece the time;
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.
Come, let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music:

Music, whilst BASSANIO *comments silently on the Caskets.*

Bass. Same god direct my judgment!—Let me see.—
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
That may be meant
Of the fool multitude, that choose by show;
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dang'rous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty.———
Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit?——
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!
And how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new varnish'd!—Much as he deserves—
I'll not assume desert.—
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
I'll none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I; Joy be the consequence!
Por. How all the other passions fleet to air!
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstacy;
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!
Bass. [*Opening the Leaden Casket.*] What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? Here is the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

[Reads.] *You that choose not by the view,*
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.

If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll!—Fair lady, by your leave!
I come by note, to give, and to receive;
Yet doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you
[*Kissing her.*

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That, only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account. But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which, when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be *bold to say*, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord, and lady, it is now our time,

That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy! Good joy, my lord, and lady!
Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me:
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
E'en at that time I may be marry'd too.
Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.
Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I sweat again;
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.
Por. Is this true, Nerissa?
Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.
Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?
Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.
Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.
Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy, for a thousand ducats.
Ner What, and stake down?
Gra. No! we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salanio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALANIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salanio, welcome hither!
If that the youth of my new interest here,
Have power to bid you welcome :—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.
Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honour :—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But, meeting with Salanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Sal. I did, my lord, [*To* BASSANIO.
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives* BASSANIO *a Letter.*
Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.
Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon' stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salanio: What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
Sal. 'Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon' same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,

And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing: for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood—But is it true, Salanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Sal. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.
Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,

The best condition'd and unweary'd spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more:
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through my Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding day.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [Reads.] *Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and, since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and me, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste? but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street in Venice.

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, *and the* GAOLER.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him;—Tell not me of mercy;—
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:—
Gaoler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond;
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond: and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.
[*Exit* SHYLOCK.
Sala. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures

Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
Sala. I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray Heav'n, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

PORTIA'S *House at Belmont.*

Enter NERISSA, PORTIA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR, *who goes behind and waits.*

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord, your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now:

This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things:
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—
[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario:
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
[*Exit* BALTHAZAR.

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa;
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Garden at Belmont.

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak the agitation of the matter. Therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good: and that is but a kind of a bastard hope neither.

Jess. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jess. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: you are gone both ways.

Jess. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; even as many as could well live one by another: this making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Jess. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jess. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter.

Lor. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words: and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,

Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jess. Past all expressing.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jess. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

DUETT.

Jess. *With vows of everlasting truth*
You've won my captive heart, fond youth;
But parted once, and I should find,
That "out of sight were out of mind."

Lor. *Ah, do thyself no wrong, my dear,*
Away with every jealous fear;
For each fair object I might see,
Could but inspire a thought of thee.

Jess. and Lor. *Thus absence fans to stronger flame,*
The love that fires the constant soul;
As distance points with surer aim
The faithful needle to its darling pole.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Court of Justice in Venice.

Flourish of trumpets.

The DUKE, *the* MAGNIFICOES, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, SALANIO, SALARINO, GRATIANO, *and others, discovered.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Sala. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,

That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt shew thy mercy, and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh)
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back;
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks or Tartars, never train'd,
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? what, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
Now for your answer;
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he a harmless necessary cat;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than *a lodg'd hate*, and a certain loathing

I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?
Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well—do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?
Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?

Why sweat they under their burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? you will answer,
The slaves are ours:—so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Sal. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters: call the messenger.
[*Exit* SALARINO

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! what, man? courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter SALARINO *with* NERISSA *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace. [*Presents a letter.*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, *be thou* damn'd, inexorable dog!

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human slaughter
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin,—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:——
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of you
Go, give him courteous conduct to this place.—
[*Exeunt* SALANIO *and* SALARINO.
Mean time the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Your grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick; but, in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together; he is furnished with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverent estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I

leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes;
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter SALARINO, PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws, and* SALANIO.

Give me your hand: came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That hold this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But *mercy is above* the sceptered sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice: therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, thrice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment; yea, a Daniel!—
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury on my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. *Why, this* bond is forfeit;

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart :—be merciful ;
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment : by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me : I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why then thus it is.
You must prepare your bosom for his knife ;—
Shy. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true : O wise and upright judge !
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast :
So says the bond ;—doth it not, noble judge ?—
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balances to weigh
The flesh ?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?
Por. It is not so express'd ; but what of that ?
'Twere good, you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say ?
Ant. But little ; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do but cut deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Gra. I have a wife, whom I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter;
'Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little;—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shall see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then;—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft;
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft;—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh; if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then, the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke
Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;

The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

Shy Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter, gratis; nothing else, for Heaven's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the Duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman,
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two god-fathers;
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[Exit SHYLOC

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt* DUKE, MAGNIFICOES, *and* TRAIN.
Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom this day been acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do I account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Dear sir, of force I attempt you further;
Take some remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,—
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,

And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.
Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment.
Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste.—
[*Exit* GRATIANO.
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street in Venice.

Enter NERISSA *and* PORTIA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him *sign it*; we'll away to-night,

And be a day before our husbands home :
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well overtaken :
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring ; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be :
This ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him : Furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you :—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant : We shall have old swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men ;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away, make haste ; thou know'st where I will tarry.
[*Exit* PORTIA.

Ner. Come, good, sir, will you show me to this house ? [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Avenue to PORTIA'S *House at Belmont.*

LORENZO *and* JESSICA *discovered, seated.*

Lor. The moon shines bright :—In such a night as this
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew ;

And, with an unthrift love, did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jess. And in such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jess. I would outnight you, did nobody come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Bal. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Bal. Balthazar is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will, before the break of day,
Be here at Belmont.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Laun. [*Within.*] Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo, and Mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where, where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning. Sola, sola.

[*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming:
And yet no matter: Why should we go in?
My friend, Balthazar, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand.
[*Exit* BALTHAZAR.
See, Jessica, look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubim;
Such harmony is in immortal souls.
Jes. I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.
Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For, do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them with a mutual stand
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music, for the time, doth change his nature.

Duet by LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lor. For thee, my gentle Jessy,
What labour would seem hard!
Jes. For thee, each task how easy,
Thy love the sweet reward.
Lor. and Jess. The bee thus, uncomplaining,
Esteems no toil severe,
The sweet reward obtaining,
Of honey all the year.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA *at a distance.*

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.
Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckow,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome, home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
[*Exit* NER.
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.
[*A Tucket sounds.*
Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and* NERISSA.

GRATIANO *and* BASSANIO *talk together.*

Por. You are welcome home, my lord.
Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him;
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy:
Gra. By yonder moon I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
'Would he were hang'd that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much to heart.
Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give to me; whose posy was
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me and leave me not."
Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face that had it.
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And rivetted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth

That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
And 'twere to me I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it.—It is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth,
By Heaven, I will ne'er come into your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady,
I was enforced to send it after him.
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it;
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus;
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bed-fellow.
Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.
Gra. Well, do you so: let me not take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome notwithstanding.
Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord Bassanio, swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By Heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What: are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
[*To* BASSANIO.
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but e'en now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect; unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-fellow;
When I am absent, then sleep with my wife.
Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.
Por. How now Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be so: The first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sure as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

COMEDY OF ERRORS

THE

COMEDY OF ERRORS;

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

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REMARKS.

THIS play is supposed, by some commentators, to have been among Shakspeare's earliest productions; whilst others will not allow that he had any farther share in the work, than to embellish it with additional words, lines, speeches, or scenes, to gratify its original author, or the manager of the theatre, who might, perhaps, place it in his hands for the purpose of improvement.

In confirmation of this last notion, Steevens has declared "The Comedy of Errors" to be the composition of two very unequal writers; adding—"that the entire play was no work of Shakspeare's, is an opinion which (as Benedick says) fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake."

As it is thus partly decided that the work is not wholly Shakspeare's, full liberty may be taken to find fault with it.

Of all improbable stories, this is the most so. The Ghost in "Hamlet," Witches in "Macbeth," and Monster in "The Tempest," seem all like events in

the common course of nature, when compared to those which take place in this drama. Its fable verges on impossibility, but the incidents which arise from it could never have occurred.

Granting that the two Antipholises and the two Dromios were as like, as twins often are, would their clothes, even the fashion of their habits, have been so exactly alike, that mistakes could have been carried to such extremities? Nay, one brother comes purposely to Ephesus, in search of his twin brother, his own perfect resemblance, and yet, when every accident he encounters tells him directly, that his brother being resident in that very place is the cause of them all, this is an inference he never once draws, but rather chuses to believe the people of the town are all mad, than that the person whom he hoped to find there is actually one of its inhabitants.

But it is not so much for the impossibilities contained in this comedy, as on account of its rhyme, and, as Blackstone has termed them, "long hobbling verses," which makes it suspected of bearing the great poet's name without due cause.

Whether Shakspeare wrote the doggerel speeches of the twin attendants, and other inferior passages, must still remain in some doubt: but that he was the author of Ægeon's narrative at the beginning of the play, and the entire character of the Abbess Æmilia, can be little mistrusted; though not even in these parts are there any very powerful marks of his genius.

This drama was scarcely known on the stage for the last century, till Mr Hull, in 1779, then deputy manager of Covent Garden theatre, curtailed, and made other judicious alterations and arrangements, by which it was rendered attractive for some nights, and afterwards placed upon the list of plays that are generally performed during every season.

In representing the pair of twin brothers on the stage, their dress is the chief part of their likeness one to the other. Thus, representation gives an additional improbability; yet it is necessary that the audience should not see with the supposed eyes of the persons of the drama, for, unless the audience could distinguish one brother from another, which their companions on the stage pretend not to do, the audience themselves would be dupes to the similarity of appearance, instead of laughing at the dupes engaged in the scene.

In most of the old comedies, there is seemingly a great deal of humour designed in the beating of servants:—this is a resource for mirth, of which modern authors are deprived, because the custom is abolished, except in the West Indies; and, even there, not considered of humorous tendency. As far as the usage was ever known to produce comic effect, this play may boast of being comical.

It is suggested by a critic, that the following lines, being a translation from Plautus, in 1595, might have given to Shakspeare the general plan upon which he founded this drama.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF EPHESUS	*Mr Cresswell.*
ÆGEON	*Mr Murray.*
ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE	*Mr Pope.*
ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS	*Mr C. Kemble.*
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE	*Mr Munden.*
DROMIO OF EPHESUS	*Mr Blanchard.*
ANGELO	*Mr Claremont.*
CLEON	*Mr Jefferies.*
CHARES	*Mr Thompson.*
DOCTOR PINCH	*Mr Simmons.*
BALTHASAR	*Mr Atkins.*
MESSENGER	*Mr Truman.*
EXECUTIONER	*Mr T. Blanchard.*
GAOLER	*Mr Reeves.*
ABBESS	*Mrs Humphries.*
ADRIANA	*Mrs Gibbs.*
LUCIANA	*Miss Norton.*
HERMIA	*Miss Bolton.*
LESBIA	*Miss Waddy.*
BRIDGET	*Miss Leserve.*

ATTENDANTS, &c.

SCENE—Ephesus.

THE

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Hall.

DUKE, ÆGEON, TWO OFFICERS, GAOLER, FOUR GUARDS, *and* ATTENDANTS, *discovered.*

Ægeon. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And terminate, by this, thy rig'rous doom,
Ægeon's life and miseries together.

Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more.
The enmity and discord, which, of late,
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rig'rous statutes with their blood)
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars,
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath, in solemn synods, been decreed,

Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
T' admit no traffic to our adverse towns.
Nay, more—If any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at Syracusan marts or fairs:
Again—If any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies;
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto an hundred marks;
Therefore, by law, thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. This comfort, then, (the wretch's last resource)
At least, I gain from the severe decree—
My woes must finish ere the setting sun.

Duke. Yet, Syracusan, say in brief the cause,
Why thou departedst from thy native home,
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been imposed,
Yet will I utter what my grief permits.—
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me!
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased
By prosp'rous traffic—till my factor's death
Drew us unwillingly to Epidamnum.
There had we not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons,
And, strange to hear, the one so like the other,
They hardly by ourselves could be distinguish'd.
That very hour, and in the self-same house,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
These (for their parents were exceeding poor)
I bought, and brought up, to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of her two boys,
Made daily motions for our home return.

Unwilling I agreed.—We came aboard—
Oh, bitter recollection!
Duke. Stop thy tears——
I long, yet almost dread, to hear the rest.
Ægeon. A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope,
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convey into our fearful minds
A dreadful warrant of immediate death.
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
My wife, more careful for the elder born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast;
To him, one of the other twins was bound;
While I had been like heedful of the younger.
The children thus disposed, my wife and I
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sea wax'd calm; and we discover'd
Two ships from far, making amain to us;
But ere they came——
Duke. Pursue thy tale, old man.
Ægeon. Being encounter'd by a mighty rock,
Our helpless raft was splitted in the midst.
Her part (poor soul!) burden'd with lesser weight,
Was carried with more speed, before the wind;
And, in our sight, they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And would have 'reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail.
Duke. Relate at full
What hath befallen to them, and thee, till now.
Ægeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years, became inquisitive

After his brother, and importuned me
That his attendant (for his case was like,
'Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)
Might bear him company, in quest of him,
Whom, while I labour'd of a love to see,
I yielded to the loss of him I loved.
Since which unhappy time, no news arriving
What course their wayward stars had hurried them,
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming e'en through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
But here must end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon! whom the fates have mark'd
To bear th' extremity of dire mishap,
Now trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee:
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence cannot be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can.
I, therefore, merchant, limit thee this day,
To seek thy life, by beneficial help;
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live—if not, then art thou doom'd to die.

[*Exit, with* GUARDS.

Ægeon. What friends, alas! can misery expect?
This pity but prolongs the date of pain;
nd to a sure, though short protracted end,
Helpless and hopeless doth Ægeon wend.

[*Exit, guarded.*

SCENE II.

The Mart.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, *and* CLEON.

Cleon. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods be forfeit to the state.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
Dies ere the weary sun sets in the west.—
There is your money, which I had to keep.

Ant. of Syr. Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time;
Till then I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For, with long travel, I am sick and weary.
Get thee away!

Dro. of Syr. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go away, indeed, having so great
A treasure in his charge.—Of what strength do
You conceive my honesty, good master,
That you dare put it to such temptation?

Ant. of Syr. Of proof against a greater charge than this;

Were it remiss, thy love would strengthen it:
I think thou would'st not wrong me if thou could'st—
Dro. of Syr. I hope I should not, sir; but there is such
A thing as trusting too far.—Odds heart! 'tis
A weighty matter, and, if balanced in
A steelyard against my honesty,
I doubt——
Ant. of Syr. That very doubt is my security.—
No further argument, but speed away.
Dro. of Syr. Ay, but master, you know the old saying——
Ant. of Syr. Then thou hast no occasion to tell it me.
Begone, I say.— [*Exit* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.
A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour, with his merry jests.—
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to the inn, and dine with me?
Cleon. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit.
I crave your pardon—but, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet you here upon the mart,
And afterwards consort with you till bed-time.
My present business calls me from you now.
Ant. of Syr. Farewell till then.—I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.
Cleon. Sir, I commend you to your own content. [*Exit* CLEON.
Ant. of Syr. He, that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I, to the world, am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, failing there to find his fellow out,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:

So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In search of them, unhappy, lose myself.—

Enter DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

Ow now! How chance thou art return'd so soon?
Dro. of Eph. Return'd so soon! Rather approach'd too late—
he capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
he clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,
y mistress made it one upon my cheek;—
e is so hot, because the meat is cold,
he meat is cold, because you come not home,
ou come not home, because you have no stomach,
ou have no stomach, having broke your fast;
it we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
e penitent for your default to-day.
Ant. of Syr. Stop in your wind, sir;—tell me this, I pray,
here have you left the money, that I gave you?
Dro. of Eph. Money!—Oh, the money that I had on
'ednesday last, to pay for mending my
istress's saddle.—The saddler had it, sir;
kept it not.
Ant. of Syr. I am not in a sportive humour now;
ell me, and dally not—where is the money?
'e being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
o great a charge from thine own custody?
Dro. of Eph. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner——
, from my mistress, come to you in haste.
Iethinks your stomach, like mine, should be your clock,
nd send you home without a messenger.
Ant. of Syr. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.—
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
Dro. of Eph. To me, sir!—Why, you gave no gold to me!
Ant. of Syr. Come, come, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed my charge.
Dro. of Eph. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart,
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress and her sister stay for you.
Ant. of Syr. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of your,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed.
Where are the thousand marks thou hadst of me?
Dro. of Eph. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
Between you both, they make, perhaps, a thousand:
If I should pay your worship these again,
Perchance you will not take it patiently.
Ant. of Syr. Thy mistress' marks!—What mistress, slave, hast thou?
Dro. of Eph. Your worship's wife, my mistress, at the Phœnix,
She, that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will haste you.
Ant of Syr. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid?—There, take you that, sir knave!
Dro. of Eph. What mean you, sir?—for Heaven's sake, hold your hands—
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [*Exit.*
Ant. of Syr. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain has been trick'd of all my money.

They say, this town is full of cozenage;
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
Misguided by my hopes, in doubt I stray,
To seek what I, perchance, may never find.
May not the cruel hand of destiny,
Ere this, have render'd all my searches vain?
If so, how wretched has my folly made me!
In luckless hour, alas! I left my home,
And the fond comforts of a father's love,
That only bliss my fortune had in store,
For dubious pleasures on a foreign shore. [*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Chamber in ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS'S *House.*

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That, in such haste, I sent to seek his master?
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps some merchant has invited him,
And, from the mart, he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret;
A man is master of his liberty,
Will come, or go—therefore, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty be more than ours?
Luc. Because their bus'ness still lies out of door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. He is the bridle of your actions, sister.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. of Eph. Go back again, and be new beaten home!
For Heaven's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Dro. of Eph. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That, like a foot-ball, you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither.
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.
[*Exit.*

Luc. Fie! how impatience lowereth on your brow!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
While I, at home, starve for a cheerful look.
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty stole
From my poor cheek? no, he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses low? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be dull'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault—he's master of my fortunes.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd?—Then is he the cause
Of my defeatures—my decayed beauty,
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer! he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home—poor I am left despised.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy! fie! beat it hence.

Adr. I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promised me a bracelet—
Some stranger fair hath caught his truant eye,
And triumphs in the gifts design'd for me.
Such trifles yet with ease I could forego,
So I were sure he left his heart at home!

I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose its lustre—So doth Adriana,
Whom once, unwearied with continual gazing,
He fondly call'd the treasure of his life!
Now, since my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and, weeping, die.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Mart.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE.

Ant. of Syr. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur, and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth in care to seek me out.
Oh, here he comes!

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You knew no Centaur! you received no gold!
Your mistress sent, to have me home to dinner!
My house was at the Phœnix! wert thou mad,
That thus, so strangely, thou didst answer me?

Dro. of Syr. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. of Syr. Ev'n now, ev'n here; not half an hour since.

Dro. of Syr. I did not see you, since you sent me hence
Home, to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. of Syr. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's *receipt,*

And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st, I was displeased.
Dro. of Syr. I'm glad to see you in this merry vein;
What means this jest, I pray you, master, tell me?
Ant. of Syr. What, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? there, take thou that, and that!
Dro. of Syr. Hold, sir, for Heaven's sake!—now your jest is earnest—
Upon what bargain do you give it me?
Ant. of Syr. Because that I, familiarly, sometimes,
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, then know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks.
Dro. of Syr. I pray, sir, why am I beaten?
Ant. of Syr. Dost thou not know?
Dro. of Syr. Nothing, but that I am beaten.
Ant. of Syr. Why, first, for flouting me, and then, for urging
It, in spite of my assertion to the contrary.
Is dinner ready?
Dro. of Syr. No, sir; I think the meat wants what I've got.
Ant. of Syr. What's that?
Dro. of Syr. Why, basting, sir.
Ant. of Syr. No more, thou knave! for see, who wafts us yonder.
This way they haste, and, by their gestures, seem
To point out me—what should they mean, I trow?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholis, look strange and frown,
Some other mistress hath some sweeter aspect:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou, unurged, would'st vow,
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object, pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch were welcome to thine hand,
That never food, well savour'd to the taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved.
How comes it now, my husband, oh! how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged to thyself?
Thyself, I call it, being strange to me—
Oh, do not tear thyself away from me!
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
As take from me thyself.

Ant. of Syr. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not;
In Ephesus, I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you, by Dromio, home to dinner.

Ant. of Syr. By Dromio?

Dro. of Syr. By me!

Adr. By thee, and thus thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me, for his wife.

Ant. of Syr. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

Dro. of Syr. I, sir? I never saw her till this moment!

Ant. of Syr. Villain, thou liest! for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. of Syr. I never spoke with her in all my life.

Ant. of Syr. How can she then thus call us by our names,
Unless it be by *inspiration*?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Come, I will fasten thus upon thy arm;
Thou art an elm, my husband, I, a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Shares in thy virtues, and partakes thy strength.
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, idle moss, or briar,
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy destruction.

Ant. of Syr. To me she speaks—she moves me for her theme—
What, was I married to her in my sleep?
Or sleep I now, and dream I hear all this?
What error thus deceives our eyes and ears?
Yet, that the mystery I may explore,
I'll seem to entertain the fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. of Syr. Meaning me?

Luc. Ay, thee, thou slug!

Dro. of Syr. Spread for dinner!

Ant. of Syr. Am I alive? Am I Antipholis?
Sleeping or waking? Mad, or well-advised?
Known unto these, yet to myself unknown;
Fain would I learn from whence these wonders flow;
But that I almost fear to trace the source,
So strange is every thing I see and hear.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye, and weep,
While man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner—Dromio, keep the gate—
Husband, I'll dine above with you, to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister—Dromio, play the porter well.

[*Exit, with* LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLIS

Dro. of Syr. Spread for dinner! I am afraid I shall
Be somewhat awkward, as I am not well
Acquainted with the ways of the house;
Though, I suppose they'll be so courteous
As to instruct a new comer. Ay, there they go;—
The house with the green doors, and have taken
My master with them; I must follow—Sure
We are in the land of fairies, and converse with
Sprites and goblins. I wish they mayn't have
Infected my poor master; for, even
Now, he swore to a discourse, I held with him
Here on the Mart; when I can swear, I was talking
To the strong-box yonder at the Centaur.—Mighty odd
All this! However, my comfort is, that, whatsoever
Mischief we light on, the master takes place
Of the servant, and must fall into it first. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Street, with the House of ANTIPHOLIS.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS, DROMIO OF EPHESUS, *and* ANGELO.

Ant. of Eph. Good Signor Angelo, you must excuse us;
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours.
Say, that I *linger'd with* you at your shop,

To see the making of her bracelet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down,
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house.—
Thou drunkard, thou, what did'st thou mean by this?

Dro. of Eph. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart, I have the marks to witness.

Ant. of Eph. Silence, thou sot, or I shall sober thee!—
You're sad, Signor Angelo; pray Heaven our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome—
But soft, my door is locked—Sirrah, ring the bell!

Dro. of Eph. Oh, he's a little soberer, and he does know his own house now! [*Rings.*

Ant. of Eph. Will they not hear?

Dro. of Eph. In good truth, I think they will not. My mistress, sure, means to be quits with you, master—you denied her a while ago, and now she's determined to deny you.

Ant. of Eph. Have done, thou varlet! Call to them; bid them let us in.

Dro. of Eph. Maud! Bridget! Marian! Cicely! Gillian! Madge!

Dro. of Syr. [*Within.*] Mome, Malt-horse, Capon, Coxcomb, Idiot, Patch!—Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store, when one is one too many.—Go, get thee from the gate!

Dro. of Eph. What patch is made our porter?—My master stays in the street.

Dro. of Syr. [*Within.*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold in his feet.

Ant. of Eph. Who talks within there?—Hoa! open the door!

Dro. of Syr. [*Within.*] Right, sir—I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. of Eph What art thou, there, that keep'st me from mine own house?

Dro. of Syr. [*Within.*] The porter, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. of Eph. O villain, thou hast stole both mine office, and my name.

Bridget. [*Within.*] Why, what a coil is there!—Dromio, who are those at the door?

Dro. of Eph. Let my master in, Bridget.

Bridget. [*Within.*] Peace, fool! thy master's here already.

Ant. of Eph. Do you hear, you minion?—you'll let us in, I trow?

Bridget. [*Within.*] Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. of Eph. Master, knock at the door hard.

Dro. of Syr. [*Within.*] Let him knock till it ake.

Adriana. [*Within.*] Who is at the gate, that keeps all this noise?

Ant. of Eph. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. [*Within.*] Your wife, Sir Knave!—Go, get you from the gate.

Ant. of Eph. Get me from the gate! What means this saucy language?
There's something more in this!—Why, Adriana!

Adr. [*Within.*] Hence, you familiar coxcomb!—Cease your noise,
Or you shall dearly pay for all this outrage.
Dromio, be sure you keep fast the doors against them.

Ant. of Eph. Why, wife, I say!——

Dro. of Syr. [*Within.*] She's gone back to dinner, sir, to take a refreshing cup, and has no time to answer idle questions now.

Ant. of Eph. Now, on my soul, some strange mysterious guile
Lurks *underneath this* unaccustom'd usage.

Some shameful minion here is entertain'd—
Angelo. Have patience, sir—O, let it not be thus—
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
Th' inviolated honour of your wife.
Your long experience of her wisdom, sir,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead, on her part, some cause to you unknown;
And, doubt it not, but she will well excuse
Why, at this time, the doors are barr'd against you—
Ant. of Eph. Shall I be thus shut forth from my own house,
While they are revelling to my dishonour?
Go, fetch an instrument, I'll break the door,
Shatter it all to pieces, but I'll enter.
Angelo. Be rul: d by me—depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger, all to dinner;
And, about evening, come yourself, alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If, by strong hand, you offer to break in,
Now, in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed, by the common rout,
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead.
For slander lives even to posterity,
For ever housed, when once it gets possession.
Ant. of Eph. You have prevail'd—I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of wrath, try to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty—wild, and yet right gentle:
There will we dine.—This woman, that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal.
To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
And fetch the jewel—by this, I guess, 'tis made—

Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine,
For there's the house, and there will I bestow it,
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
Upon mine hostess. Good sir, use dispatch.
Angelo. I'll meet you at that place some hour, sir, hence. [*Exit.*
Ant. of Eph. I thank you, sir.—And now, my dainty wife,
Checking my rage, I'll leave you to your follies
Some few short hours; enjoy them while you may,
Perchance to morrow you may rue your jest.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Garden.

ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and* HERMIA, *discovered.*

Adr. Why, why, was I to this keen mock'ry born?
How at your hands have I deserved this coldness?
In sooth, you do me wrong. There was a time
When I believed, so fond was my credulity,
The sun was scarce so true unto the day
As you to me.
Ant. of Syr. I would some friendly light
Might chase away the mist that clouds our fancies,
And give this dream a meaning! True, I see
These beauteous bowers, in nature's fragrance rich;
Behold the painted children of her hand,
Flaunting in gay luxuriance all around!
I see imperial Phœbus' trembling beam
Dance on the curly brook; whose gentle current
Glides imperceptibly away, scarce staying,
To kiss th' *embracing* bank.

Adr. So glides away
Thy hasty love, (O apt allusion!)
And mocks my constant and attentive care,
That seeks, in vain, to keep it.
Luc. Dearest brother,
Why turn on me your eyes? Regard my sister,
Who with such earnest suit solicits you
To heal her wounded peace.
Adr. It cannot be,
But that some phrensy hath possess'd his mind,
Else could he not, with cold indifference, hear
His Adriana pleading. Music's voice,
O'er such entranced dispositions,
Hath oft a magic power, and can recall
The wand'ring faculties. Good cousin, Hermia,
Assay those melting strains, wherewith, thou told'st me,
Forsaken Julia labour'd to retrieve
Lysander's truant heart.

SONG.—HERMIA.

Stray not to those distant plains;
From thy comfort do not rove,
Tarry in these peaceful glens,
Tread the downy paths of love:
Is not this sequester'd shade
Richer than the proud alcove?
Tarry in this beauteous glade,
Tarry here with me and love.

Listen to the woodlark's note,
Listen to the cooing dove,
Hark! the throstle's mellow throat,
All uniting, carol love;
See the limpid brooks around,
Winding through the varied grove;
This is Passion's fairy ground,
Tarry here with me and love.

Adr. Sister, there is some magic in thine eye,
That hath infected his—Perchance, to thee,
He may unfold the source of his distemp'rature:
For me, no longer will I sue for that,
My right may claim; loose infidelity
And lawless passion hath estranged his soul.
Yet think, my husband, could'st thou bear the like?
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'st thou but hear I were licentious!
Would'st thou not scoff at me, and spurn me from thee?
Or hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow?
Yea, from my false hand, cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep divorcing vow?
I know thou would'st, and therefore see thou do it;
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy crimes.
Preserve, then, equal league with the fair bed;
Keep me unstain'd, thou undishonour'd live.
[*Exit, with* HERMIA.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholis,
Even in the spring of love, thy passion fade?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness;
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it in secret;
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty,
Apparel vice like virtue' sharbinger.

Ant. of Syr. Now, by the air we breathe, I vow, bright dame,
My senses are all smother'd up in wonder;
All but my sight—with that, methinks, I view
An angel pleading; and, while thus delighted,
I may peruse the graces of that bro..

I will not wish the mystery unfolded,
But to your chidings pay submissive awe,
As to an holy mandate —Speak, speak on.
Luc. Be secret false—why needs she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own bad deeds?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in your looks at board.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again:
And call my sister, wife—comfort her—cheer her—
'Tis holy sport to be a little false,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. of Syr. Sweet mistress, let me call you by that name,
Teach me, oh teach me, how to think and answer!
Lay open to my shallow gross conceit
The folded meaning of your sugar'd words.
Against my soul's pure truth, why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown path?
Are you a goddess? would you new-create me?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if I am Antipholis, I swear,
Your weeping sister is no wife to me.
Oh, no! to you alone my soul inclines;
Then train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy voice,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears!
Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will doat! [*Kneels.*
Spread o'er the silver waves thy glossy locks,
And as a bed I'll take thee, there I'll lie,
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die.
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason thus?
Ant. of Syr. Not mad—enchanted; how, I do not know.
Luc It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
Ant. of Syr. For gazing on your dazzling beams, fair sun.
Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. of Syr. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on darkness.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. of Syr. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. of Syr. No;
It is thyself, my own self's better half,
My eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. of Syr. Call thyself sister, sweet, for thee I mean;
Thee will I love, with thee would spend my days.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, soft, sir, hold you still.
I'll seek my sister, to get her consent;
If she approve, I shall accord, no doubt. [*Exit.*

Ant. of Syr. O subtle power! O soil too capable!
Scarce had her sun of beauty warm'd my heart,
When the gay flower of love disclosing fragrance,
Sprung up at once, and blossom'd to perfection,
Ere well the bud was seen. Why, how now, Dromio?

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. of Syr. Do you know me, sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I myself?

Ant. of Syr. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. of Syr. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and beside myself.

Ant. of Syr. What woman's man? and how beside thyself?

Dro. of Syr. Marry, sir, beside myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. of Syr. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. of Syr. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse.

Ant. of Syr. What is she?

Dro of Syr. A very reverend body; and though I have but lean luck in the match, yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.—Sir, she's the kitchen-wench, all grease; and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light.

Ant. of Syr. I'll warrant the rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter.

Dro. of Syr. They would indeed, sir: To conclude, this drudge laid claim to me, called me Dromio, swore I was betrothed to her, told me what secret marks I had about me; as the marks on my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch —and I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she should have transformed me to a cur-tail dog, and made me turn in the wheel.

Ant. of Syr. Sure, none but witches can inhabit here,
And therefore 'tis high time that we were hence.
Go, hie thee presently, post to the road,
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me. [*Exit.*

Dro. of Syr. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So I from her, that swears she is my wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Street, with the House of ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, *from* ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS' *House, meeting* ANGELO *with a Bracelet.*

Angelo. Master Antipholis!

Ant. of Syr. Ay, that's my name.

Angelo. I know it well, sir.—Lo, here is the bracelet!
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine;
It being unfinish'd, made my stay thus long.

Ant. of Syr. What is your will that I should do with this?

Angelo. Even what you please, sir—I have made it for you.

Ant. of Syr. Made it for me, sir! I never once bespoke it.

Angelo. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal.
About your supper time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the bracelet.

Ant. of Syr. I pray you, sir, since you will force it on me,
Receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see that or jewel more.

Angelo. You are a merry man, sir—fare you well! [*Exit.*

Ant. of Syr. Wonder on wonder rises every moment!
What I should think of this I cannot tell;
However strange, here on my arm I'll wear it,
Preserve it safe, as fortune's happy pledge.

Oft as I look on it, I'll heave a sigh,
And say, the self-same hour that gave thee to me,
Gave me to gaze on Luciana's eyes—
So will I make a profit of a chance,
And treasure up a comfort in affliction.
Unwillingly I go—my wounded soul,
(Howe'er from Ephesus my body part,)
Lingers behind in Luciana's heart.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Mart.

Enter ANGELO, CHARES, *and an* OFFICER.

Chares. You know since Pentecost the sum is due
And since I have not much importuned you,
Nor had I now, sir, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage,
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Angelo. Even just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me from Antipholis;
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a bracelet—at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.

lease you but walk with me down to his house,
will discharge my bond, and thank you too.
Offi. That labour you may spare—see where he comes.

nter ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS *and* DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

Ant. of Eph. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
ıd buy a rope's end—that will I bestow
ıong the base confederates of my wife,
r locking me out of my doors to-day.
ıt soft, I see the goldsmith——get thee gone
buy the rope, and bring it home to me.
[*Exit* DROMIO OF EPHESUS.
ıan is well holpe up, that trusts to you:
romised me your presence, and the bracelet:
t neither that nor goldsmith came to me.
Angelo. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
ow much your jewel weighs, to th' utmost carat.
e fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
ake it amount to three odd ducats more
ian I stand 'debted to this gentleman.
ray you see him presently discharged,
or he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.
Ant. of Eph. I am not furnish'd with the sum about me,
esides, I have some business in the town.
ood signor, take the stranger to my house,
nd with you take the bracelet—Bid my wife
isburse the sum on the receipt thereof.
erchance I will be there as soon as you.
Angelo. Then you will bring the bracelet there yourself?
Ant. of Eph. No, do you bear it, lest I come not time enough.
Angelo. Well, sir, I will then—have you it abou you?

Ant. of Eph. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have,
Or else you may return without your money.
Angelo. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the jewel,
Both wind and tide stay for the gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
Ant. of Eph. I guess you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise at the Porcupine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.
Chares. The hour steals on—I pray you, sir, dispatch.
Angelo. You hear how he importunes me;—the bracelet——
Ant. of Eph. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
Angelo. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now;
Or give it me, or send by me some token.
Ant. of Eph. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath——
Come, where is it?—I pray you let me see it.
Chares. My business cannot brook this dalliance—
Good sir, say, if you'll answer me or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
Ant. of Eph. I answer you!—what should I answer you?
Angelo. The money that you owe me for the bracelet.
Ant. of Eph I owe you none, till I receive the bracelet
Angelo. You know I gave it you half an hour since.
Ant. of Eph You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.
Angelo. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it;
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Chares. Well, Officer, arrest him at my suit.

Offi. I do, and charge you, in the duke's name, to obey me

Angelo. This touches me, sir, in my reputation;
Either consent to pay the sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. of Eph. Consent to pay for what I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.

Angelo. Here is thy fee—arrest him, officer——
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Offi. I do arrest you, sir—you hear the suit.

Ant. of Eph. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail.
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear,
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Angelo. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dro. of Syr. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard;
Then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua vitæ.
The ship is in her trim, the merry wind
Blows fair from land, they stay for nought at all,
But for the owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. of Eph. How now, madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. of Syr. A ship you sent me to, sir, to hire waftage.

Ant. of Eph. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and for whom.

Dro. of Syr. You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. of Eph. I will debate the matter at more leisure,

And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight,
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats, let her send it;
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me.——Hie thee, slave, begone.
On, Officer, to prison, till he comes.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS, ANGELO, CHARES, *and* OFFICER.

Dro. of Syr. To Adriana's!—that is where we dined——Go there again!—Surely my poor master's mind is strangely altered.——But now he sent me to seek a vessel, and swore he would not stay an hour longer—now he denies it all, and rather seems inclined to take up his abode here; for, upon the strength of one visit only, he has got the key of Adriana's treasure, I see; and sends for her ducats as familiarly as he would for his own.—Then how he should come arrested!—I'll venture, however, to her house once more, and get the money for him, if that Blowzabel, who claimed me for her husband, does not set her kitchen-stuff countenance in my way, and fright me from my purpose. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber in the House of ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. What, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye,
That he did plead in earnest? Didst thou mark,

Look'd he or pale, or red, or sad, or merry?
What observation, tell me, could'st thou make
The heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First, he denied you had in him a right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none—the more my wrong.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he be.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. What said he then?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move;
First did he praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech you.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still.
My tongue, though not my heart, must have its scope.
Oh, he is shapeless, crooked, old, and sere,
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, rude, unkind,
Deform'd in person, more deform'd in soul.

Luc. Yet do not give such way to your affliction,
But call your better reason to your aid:——
Oh, did my brother's mind but mate his person,
Were but his conduct graceful as his visage,
What woman might with Adriana boast
So vast a fund of hymeneal bliss!
Trust then to time, and fault-repairing wisdom,
To change his mind; nor soil, with partial breath,
A form in nature's fairest colours drest.

Adr. Oh, but I think him better than I say,
And wish him kind and fair to me alone.
Thus, lapwing like, far from my nest I cry,
To puzzle and mislead intruding eyes,
That seek to rob me of my treasured bliss.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dro. of Syr. Here, go!—the desk—the purse!—now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. of Syr. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. of Syr. No; he's in Tartar limbo—a devil hath him;

One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;
A back friend; one that commands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and lanes.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. of Syr. I do not know the matter, but he is arrested.

Adr. Arrested, is he?—tell me, at whose suit?

Dro. of Syr. I do not know at whose suit he is arrested, but arrested he is—and his suit to you is, that you will send him Mistress Redemption, the money in his desk.

Adr. Go, fetch it, sister.—— [*Exit* LUCIANA.

This I wonder at,
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a bond?

Dro. of Syr. No, on the Mart.—Come, 'tis time that I were gone.

Enter LUCIANA *with a Purse.*

Adr. Go, Dromio, there's the money, bear it strait,
And bring thy master home immediately.
[*Exit* DROMIO.
Yet wherefore bring him home, since he has lost
All token of regard, and slights the place
Where, once, he said, his ev'ry comfort dwelt?
Why should I wish him here? and yet, without him,
What is this home to me?

Luc. Some vague conceit,

The phantom of the moment, hath possest him;
It will away as soon.
Adr. Pray, Heaven, it may;
For till he shake it off, no mate have I,
But jealous doubt, or dark despondency. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Mart.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, *with the Bracelet on his Arm.*

Ant. of Syr. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were his well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name:
Some tender money to me, some invite me,
Some offer me commodities to buy,
While others give me thanks for kindnesses.
Ev'n now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginary wiles;
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dro. of Syr. Master, here's the gold you sent me for.—What, have you got rid of the fiend?
Ant. of Syr. What gold is this?—What fiend dost thou mean?
Dro. of Syr. He that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.
Ant. of Syr. I understand thee not.
Dro. of Syr. No?—Why 'tis plain enough.—The

man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives t
a fob, and rests them: He, sir, that takes pit
decay'd men, and gives them suits of durance.

Ant. of Syr. Mean'st thou an officer?

Dro. of Syr. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band
that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his b
One that thinks a man always going to bed, and
Heaven send you good rest.

Ant. of Syr. Well, sir, there rest your foolery!
there any ship puts forth to-night? May we beg

Dro of Syr. Why, sir, I brought you word
hour since, that the bark, Expedition, puts forth
night. and then were you hindered by the serge
to tarry for the hoy, Delay. Here are the angels,
you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. of Syr. The fellow is distract, and so am
And here we wander in illusion—
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!—

Enter LESBIA.

Lesbia. Well met, well met, Master Antipholi
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now.
Is this the bracelet you promised me to-day?

Ant. of Syr. What, more temptations?
Mistress, you do impeach your modesty,
Here in the street, thus to commit yourself
Into the hands of one who knows you not.

Lesbia. Not know me?—how?—Am I not Lesl
And are not you Antipholis?—Nay, jest not;
Return with me, and we will mend our cheer.

Ant. of Syr. Have you no bashfulness; no sens
shame;
No touch of modesty? Why will you tear
Ungentle words from my reluctant tongue?

Lesbia. I would not do so, good Antipholis;
I do but ask for what you promised me.

Ant. of Syr. I promised thee?

Lesbia. Ay, as we sat at dinner.
Ant. of Syr. I ne'er beheld thy face until this instant.
Lesbia. And told'st me that thy wife——
Ant. of Syr. My wife?—thou sorceress!
Dro. of Syr. Master, you certainly have been married,
And have forgot it.
Lesbia. Say, did you not, Antipholis?
Ant of Syr. I tell thee, no.
Lesbia. Nor take my ring?
Ant. of Syr. No, no—nor comprehend
What thy false tongue hath utter'd.—Dromio,
Follow me to our inn—I will not stay,
Nor longer listen to thy sorceries.
[*Exit.*—LESBIA, *offering to follow.*
Dro. of Syr. No, you don't. [*Draws.*] Here's my charm against witches.—Mistress, it is written that evil spirits appear to men like angels of light. Light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn.—Ergo—light wenches will burn—therefore we will not trust ourselves near you. [*Exit.*
Lesbia. Now out of doubt, Antipolis is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same, he promised me a bracelet;
Both one and other he denies me now.
What then remains? what measures shall I take?
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took, perforce,
My ring away—This course I fittest chuse,
To right myself against this madman's wrong. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS *and* OFFICER.

Ant. of Eph. Fear me not, man! I will not break away.
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I'm 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attached in Ephesus,
I tell you will sound harshly in her ears.
Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHESUS, *with a Rope.*

Ant. of Eph. How now, sir, have you that I sent you for?
Dro. of Eph. Here's that, I'll warrant you, will pay them all.
Ant. of Eph. But where's the money?
Dro. of Eph. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.
Ant. of Eph. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?
Dro. of Eph. I'll serve you, sir, five thousand at that rate.
Ant. of Eph. To what end did I bid thee hie thee hence?
Dro. of Eph. To a rope's end, sir, and to that end am I return'd.
Ant. of Eph. And to that end, sir, will I welcome you. (*Beats him.*

Good sir, be patient.

of Eph. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient, I am in adversity.

Good now, hold thy tongue.

. *of Eph.* Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

.. *of Eph.* Thou stupid, senseless villain!

o. *of Eph.* I would I were senseless, sir, that I : not feel your blows.

it. *of Eph.* Thou art sensible in nothing but s, and so is an ass.

ro. *of Eph.* I am an ass, indeed, you may prove / my endurance. I have served him from the : of my nativity to this instant, and have had no- g at his hands for my service but blows—When n cold, he heats me with beating; when I am m, he cools me with beating. I am waked with vhen I sleep, raised with it when I sit, driven out doors with it when I go abroad, welcomed home th it when I return; nay, I bear it on my shoulders, a beggar does her brat—and, I think, when he th lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. of Eph. Well, we'll along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, LESBIA, DR PINCH, *and Servants.*

Dro. of Eph. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your d—or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, beware the rope's end.

Ant. of Eph. Wilt thou still prate? art thou not quieted?

ien take thou that, and that. [*Beats him.*

Offi. Good sir, be patient.

Lesbia. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adr. His *incivility* confirms no less;

Good Dr Pinch, you are a skilful man,
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will pay you what I have i' the world.

Luc. Alas! how fiery and how fierce he looks!

Lesbia. Mark how he trembles in his ecstacy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. of Eph. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear! [*Strikes.*

Pinch. I charge thee, devil, housed within this man,
To yield possession of my patient;
Or I shall play the devil with thee straight.

Ant. of Eph. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad!

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor distracted soul!

Ant. of Eph. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion, with the saffron face,
Revel and feast it at my board to-day?
While upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. Oh, husband! Heaven doth know you dined at home,
Where, would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame.

Ant. of Eph. Dined at home!—Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. of Eph. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. of Eph. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. of Eph. In sooth, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. of Eph. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. of Eph. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

Ant. of Eph. And did not I, in rage, depart from thence?

Dro. of Eph. In verity you did—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of your rage.

Ant. of Eph. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas! I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. of Eph. Money by me!—Heart and good-will you might,
But surely, master, not a doit of money.

Ant. of Eph. Went'st thou not to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I delivered it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. of Eph. Heaven and the rope-maker can bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master are possess'd,
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. of Eph. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. of Eph. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I can swear, sir, that we were locked out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. of Eph. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me.
But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes,
That would behold me in this shameful sort.

Adr. Oh, hold him, hold him! let him not come near me! [ATTENDANTS *seize him.*

Pinch. More company! the fiend is strong within him.

Ant. of Eph. What, will you murder me?—Thou officer,
I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Offi. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind that man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Offi. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adr. Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to thy house—Oh, most unhappy day!

Ant. of Eph. Oh, most unhappy strumpet!

[ATTENDANTS *force off* ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS, DROMIO, *and* PINCH.

Adr. I will discharge thee—
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor—
But say, whose suit is he arrested at?

Offi. One Angelo, a goldsmith—do you know him?

Adr. I know the man—what is the sum he owes?

Offi. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Offi. Due for a bracelet, which your husband had.

Adr. He did bespeak't for me, but had it not.

Lesbia. When, as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now)
Straight after did I meet him with the bracelet.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Officer, bring me where the goldsmith is;
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

[Noise without.

Luc. Heaven, for thy mercy! they are loose again!
Adr. And come with naked swords!
Let's call more help, to have them bound again.
Off. Away! they'll kill us! [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, *and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, *with drawn Swords.*

Dro. of Syr. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.
Ant. of Syr. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence.
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
Dro. of Syr. 'Faith, stay here this night—they will surely do us no harm—you saw they spake us fair, gave us gold.—Methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh, who claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch myself.
Ant. of Syr. I will not stay, to-night, for all the town,
So many, and such strange events, pursue me,
'Tis madness all! and I begin to doubt,
That even love and beauty are but snares,
To plunge my soul in yet severer cares. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Street before a Priory.

Enter ANGELO *and* CHARES.

Angelo. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But I protest he had the jewel of me,
Though most dishonestly he did deny it.
Chares. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Angelo. Of very reverend estimation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives within our walls.
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Chares. Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he comes.
Angelo. 'Tis so, and that same bracelet on his arm,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me; I'll speak to him.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, *and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Signor Antipholis, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandal to yourself;
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This bracelet, which you wear so openly.
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;

Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.
This jewel you had of me—Can you deny it?

Ant. of Syr. I know I had—I never did deny it.

Cha. Yes, that you did, sir—and forswore it too.

Ant. of Syr. Who heard me to deny or to forswear it?

Cha. These ears of mine, thou knowest well, did hear thee.

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. of Syr. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee with my life, if thou darest stand it.

Cha. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain!

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, LESBIA, *and Dr* PINCH'S *Servants.*

Adr. Hold! hurt him not, for Heaven's sake!—he's mad!

Dro. of Syr. Run, master, run for Heaven's sake! take house!
This is some priory;—in, or we are spoil'd!
[*Exeunt into the Priory—the rest following.*

Adr. Pursue them, I beseech ye—bring them back.

Enter the ABBESS *and two Sisters from the Priory.*

Abbess. Be quiet, people! wherefore throng ye hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Angelo. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Cha. I'm sorry now that I did draw upon him.

Abbess. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, and sad,

And much, much different from the man he was:
But, till this afternoon, his fatal passion
Ne'er broke into extremity of rage.
Abbess. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing!——
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adr. To none of them, except it be the last,
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.
Abbess. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, so I did.
Abbess. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.
Abbess. Haply in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Abbess. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy of our conference——
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced at it;
Still did I tell him, it was vile and base.
Abbess. And therefore came it that the man was mad.
The venom'd clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth!
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
And therefore comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever's bred
And what's a fever, but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd with thy brawls—

eet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
t moody, mopish, and dull melancholy,
ısman to grim and comfortless despair?
d at her heels, a huge, infectious troop
pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
e consequence is then, thy jealousies
re scared thy husband from his better sense.
Luc. She never reprehended him but gently,
en he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wild.
y bear you these rebukes, and answer not?
Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
od people, enter, and lay hold on him.
Abbess. No, not a creature enters in my house.
Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.
Abbess. Neither—he took this place for sanctuary;
d it shall privilege him from your hands,
I I have brought him to his wits again,
lose my labour in essaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband; be his nurse,
et his sickness; for it is my office,
d therefore let me have him home with me.
Abbess. Be patient, for I will not let him stir
l I have used th' approved means I know,
th wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
bring him to his former state again.
s a branch and parcel of my oath,
charitable duty of my order;
erefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence and leave my husband here.
nd ill it doth beseem your holiness
separate the husband and the wife.
Abbess. Be quiet, and depart—thou shalt not have him.

[*Exeunt* ABBESS *and* SISTERS *to the Priory.*

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come, then, I will fall prostrate at his feet,
nd never *rise*, until my prayers and tears

Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take, perforce, my husband from this Abbess.
Cha. By this I think the dial points at five.
Anon, I'm sure the Duke himself, in person,
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death, and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Angelo. Upon what cause?
Cha. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay,
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
Angelo. See where they come! we will behold his death.
Luc Kneel to the Duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, EXECUTIONER, OFFICERS, *and* GUARDS.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.
Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess!
Duke. She is a virtuous, and a reverend lady!
It cannot be that she has done thee wrong.
Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholis, my husband,
Whom I made lord of me, and all I had,
At your important letters, this ill day,
A most outrageous fit of madness seized him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the citizens,
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs, I went,
Which here and there his fury had committed.

Anon (I wot not by what strong escape)
He broke from those who had the guard of him,
And, with his mad attendant, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them—then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
But here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband served me in my wars,
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou did'st make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the good and grace I could.
Go, some of ye, knock at the abbey gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

[*Exit a Gentleman.*

Enter BRIDGET.

Bridg. Oh, mistress, mistress! haste and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose!

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Bridg. Mistress, upon my life I tell you true,
I have not breathed almost since I did see them.
Hark! hark! I hear them, mistress—fly! begone!

[*Exit* BRIDGET.

Duke. Fear nothing; I'll protect you.

Adr. Ah, me! it is my husband! Witness all
That he is borne about invisible!
Even now we housed him in the abbey there,
And *now he's here*, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS, *and* DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

Ant. of Eph. Justice, most gracious duke! Oh, grant me justice!
Even for the service, that, long since, I did thee,
When I bestrode thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood,
Which then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.
Ægeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholis, and Dromio.
Ant. of Eph. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there,
She, whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,
She hath abused and dishonoured me,
Even in the strength and height of injury.
Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.
Ant. of Eph. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she within was feasting with her minions.
Duke. A grievous fault! Say, woman, did'st thou so?
Adr. No, my good lord; myself, he, and my sister
To-day did dine together—so befall my soul,
As that is false, he burdens me withal.
Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she doth tell your highness simple truth!
Angelo. O perjured woman! they are both forsworn;
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was locked out.
Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you housed him, here he would have been.
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. of Eph. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Lesbia. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. of Eph. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Lesbia. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. This is most strange! go, call the abbess hither. [*Exit one to the* ABBESS.

Ægeon. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word!

Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, sir, called Antipholis?
And is not that, your bondman, Dromio?

Ant. of Eph. True, reverend hapless man, we are so call'd.

Ægeon. I am sure that both of ye remember me.

Ant. of Eph. Remember you!

Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. of Eph. I never saw you in my life till now.

Ægeon. Oh, grief hath changed me since you saw me last!

And careful hours, with Time's deforming hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face.
But tell me yet—dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. of Eph. Neither.

Ægeon. Not know my voice? O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,

My wasting lamp, some fading glimmer left,
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me, thou art my son, Antipholis.

Ant. of Eph. I never saw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted—but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st t' acknowledge me in misery?

Ant. of Eph. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so.
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholis,
During which time, he ne'er saw Syracusa.
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter ABBESS, *with* ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE *and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, *from the Priory.*

Abbess. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd!

Adr. I see two husbands, or my eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other!
But of the two, which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

Ant. of Syr. Ægeon art thou not?
O, my dear father! who hath bound him thus?

Abbess. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man,
That had'st a wife once call'd Æmilia,
Who bore thee, at a burden, two fair sons;
O! if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Ægeon. Æmilia! O, support thyself, my soul!
Till I, once more, have caught within my arms
Their long-lost happiness!

Æmilia. Thou art Ægeon, then? I do not dream—

My husband! take, take the reviving heart,
Spotless and pure as when it first was thine,
Which, from the cloister of religious solitude,
No voice but thine could ever have recall'd.
Ant. of Syr. If I not interrupt such sacred feelings,
Thus let me bend, and mingle tears of rapture.
O raise, my father, raise your reverend hands,
And bless your truant son!
Ægeon. My dearest boy!
This is too much—O, curb thy joys a moment,
And have compassion on thy father's weakness!
But, if my feeble brain deceives me not,
One anxious question yet remains to ask;
Heart of my heart, resolve me; where's that son
Who floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Æmilia. By men of Epidamnum, he and I,
And the twin, Dromio, all were taken up,
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth,
By force, took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune which you see me in.
Ant. of Eph. And he, reserved to share the happier hours
Of his dear parents; whom, till now, unknown,
He greets with nature's best and fondest feelings.
Another tie my fortune yet allots,
And thus I claim it!
Ant. of Syr. Welcome, dearest brother!
[*They embrace.*
Both Dro. Welcome, dearest brother!
[*They embrace.*
Ant. of Syr. Ne'er may we feel a separation more!
Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right.
These plainly are the parents to these children,
Who thus amazingly are met together.
Æmilia. Most gracious Duke!

Duke. One moment's pause, and all your griefs shall end.—
Antipholis, thou camest from Corinth first?
Ant. of Syr. Not I, my lord; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart—I know not which is which.
Ant. of Eph. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.
Dro. of Eph. And I with him.
Ant. of Eph. Brought to this town by that right famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Angelo. That is the bracelet, sir, you had of me.
Ant. of Syr. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.
Ant. of Eph. And you, sir, for the same arrested me.
Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio, but I think he brought it not.
Dro. of Eph. No, none by me.
Ant. of Syr. This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me:
I see we still did meet each other's man,
And, thereupon, these errors all arose.
Dro. of Eph. You see, brother, these wise folks can't blame us in these matters.
Dro. of Syr. Really, brother, I think not.
Ant. of Eph. These ducats pawn'd for my father here.
Ant. of Syr. It shall not be—I will procure his life
To make some small amends for leaving him
Alone and friendless.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. of Syr. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. Are you not my husband?
Ant. of Eph. No; I say nay to that.
Ant. of Syr. And so do I—yet she did call me so

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother—What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
And, that the heart which beats alone for you,
May, now the mist of error is dispersed,
Which made thee fearful for thy virgin fame,
Obtain a gentle hearing.

Luc. Should I find thee
Worthy and constant, as my mind suggests,
The general joy that smiles around shall not
Be damp'd by any vain reserve of mine.

Abbess. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear, at large, discoursed all our fortunes;
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathised one day's errors
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And you shall have full satisfaction.
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you, the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast; go all with me;
After so long grief, such festivity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast,
And be a cheerful witness of the blessings,
Your pious faith, and virtuous resignation,
Have drawn upon you from relenting Heaven!

Ægeon. Come, and partake
The joys that gild the evening of our days.

Æmilia. Joys past the reach of hope!—our lesson this
That misery past endears our present bliss;
Wherein we read with wonder and delight,
This sacred truth, "Whatever is, is right."

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

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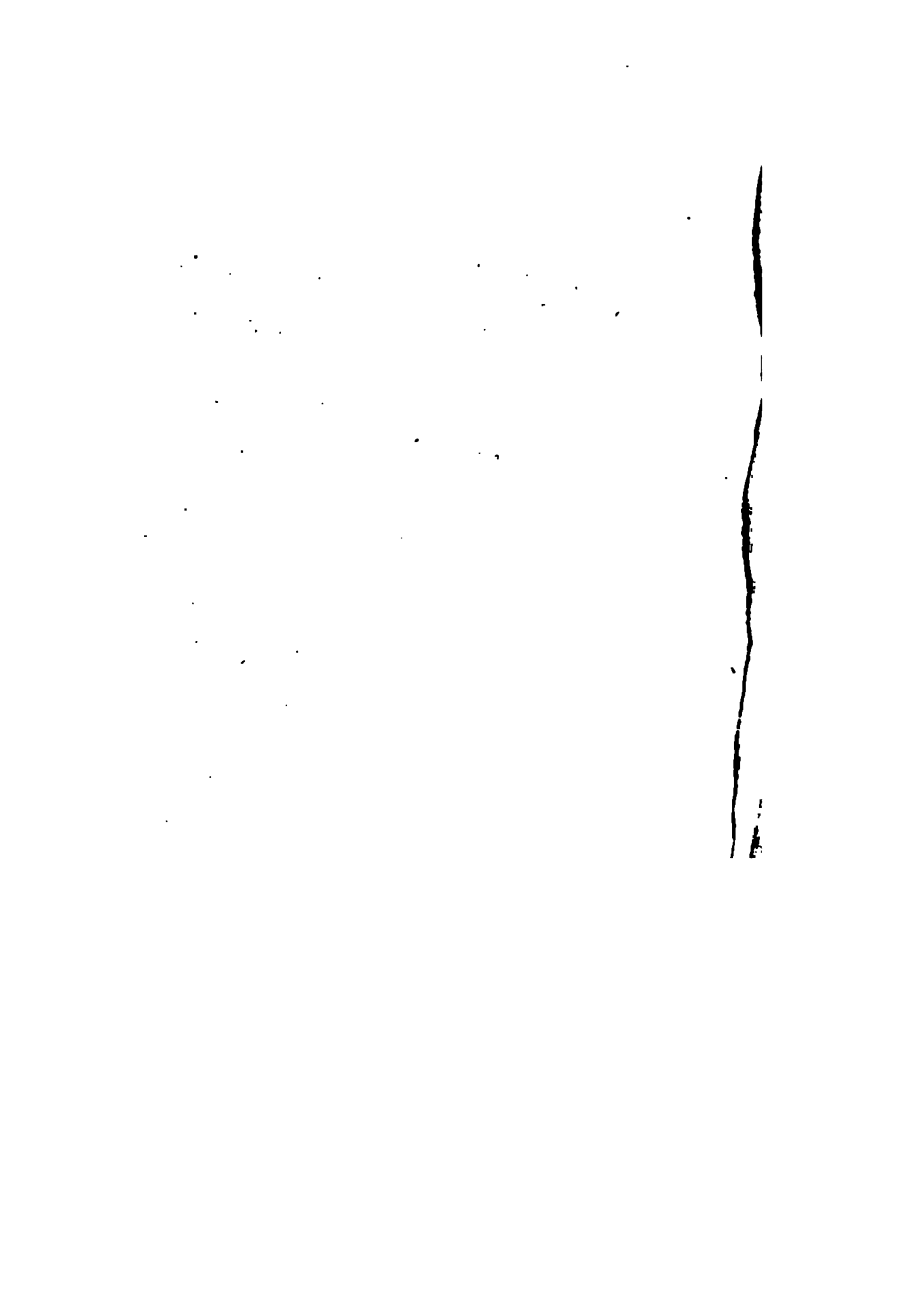

AS YOU LIKE IT

ORLANDO...HANG THESE, MY VERSE, IN WITNESS OF MY LOVE

ACT III SCENE II.

PAINTED BY HOWARD PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO HOWARD

AS YOU LIKE IT;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

REVISED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS,

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

REMARKS.

THIS comedy has high reputation among Shakspeare's works; and yet, on the stage, it is never attractive, except when some actress of very superior skill performs the part of Rosalind.

This character requires peculiar talents in representation, because it has so large a share of the dialogue to deliver; and the dialogue, though excellently written, and interspersed with various points of wit, has still no forcible repartee, or trait of humour, which in themselves would excite mirth, independent of an art in giving them utterance.

Such is the general cast of all the other personages in the play, that each requires a most skilful actor, to give them their proper degree of importance.

But, with every advantage to "As you like it" in the performance, it is more a pleasing drama, than one which gives delight. The reader will, in general, be more charmed than the auditor; for he gains all the poet, which neither the scene nor action much adorn, except under particular circumstances.

Dr Johnson, in his criticisms at the end of this play, gives *the following* description of it:—"The fable is

wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven, for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural, and well preserved. The comic dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious."

This must appear but moderate praise to those who may profess to be fervent admirers of the comedy.

Of its origin, Steevens says—"Shakspeare has followed Lodge's novel of 'Rosalynd' more exactly than is his general custom, when he is indebted to such worthless originals; and has sketched some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions from it. It should be observed, however, that the characters of Jaques, the Clown, and Audrey, are entirely the poet's own formation."

The Forest of Arden (or Ardenne), in which the chief scenes of this drama lie, is an extensive woody domain, in French Flanders, near the Meuse, and between Charlemont and Roeroy.

Shakspeare has made the inhabitants of this forest appear so happy in their banishment, that, when they are called back to the cares of the world, it seems more like a punishment than a reward. Jaques has too much prudence to leave his retirement; and yet, when his associates are departed, his state can no longer be enviable, as refined society was the charm which seemed here to bestow on country life its *more than* usual enjoyments.

Kemble's Jaques is in the highest estimation with
e public: it is one of those characters in which he
es certain bold testimonies of genius, which no
ctator can controvert; yet the mimic art has very
le share in this grand exhibition.

Mrs Jordan is the Rosalind both of art and of na-
e; each supplies its treasures in her performance
he character, and render it a perfect exhibition.

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WILLIAM	*Mr Purser.*	*Mr Blanchard.*
TOUCHSTONE	*Mr Bannister.*	*Mr Fawcett.*
ROSALIND	*Mrs Jordan.*	*Miss Smith.*
CELIA	*Miss Mellon.*	*Miss Brunton.*
PHEBE	*Miss Boyce.*	*Miss Searle.*
AUDREY	*Miss Pope.*	*Mrs Mattocks.*
HYMEN		*Mrs Atkins.*
TWO CUPIDS		*Mrs Shotter.* / *Mrs Burgess.*

FORRESTERS *and* SOLDIERS.

SCENE—First, near OLIVER'S *House; and, afterwards, partly in the* DUKE'S *Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

OLIVER'S *Orchard.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was in this fashion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother, Jaques, he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home, unkept; for call you that keeping, for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and, to that end, riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something, that nature gave me, his countenance *seems to take from* me: he lets me feed with his

hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Oliv. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oliv. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which Heaven made,—a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oliv. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be nought a while.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oliv. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here, in your orchard.

Oliv. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he, I am before, knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oliv. What, boy!

l. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young is.

iv. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

l. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir land de Boys; he was my father, and he is e a villain, that says, such a father begot villains: t thou not my brother, I would not take this hand thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy ue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

dam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's mbrance, be at accord.

iv. Let me go, I say.

l. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. father charged you, in his will, to give me good ation: you have trained me up like a peasant, uring and hiding from me all gentleman-like ties: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, I will no longer endure it; therefore, allow me exercises as may become a gentleman, or give he poor allottery my father left me by testament; that I will go buy my fortunes.

iv. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is t? Well, sir, get you in; I will not long be bled with you; you shall have some part of your I pray you leave me.

rl. I will no further offend you, than becomes me ay good. [*Exit.*

iv. Get you with him, you old dog!

dam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have my teeth in your service.—Heaven be with my master, he would not have spoke such a word! [*Exit.*

iv. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? l physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand ns neither. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

OLIVER'S *House.*

Enter OLIVER.

Oliv. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oliv. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here, to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here, and importunes access to you.

Oliv. Call him in. [*Exit* DENNIS.]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Charles. Good morrow to your worship.

Oliv. Good Monsieur Charles! what's the new news at the new court?

Charles. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother, the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore, he gives them good leave to wander.

Oliv. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the old Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Charles. O, no; for the new Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her—being ever from their cradles

bred together—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oliv. Where will the old Duke live?

Charles. They say, he is already in the Forest of Arden, and many a merry man with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oliv. What, you wrestle to-morrow, before the new Duke?

Charles. Marry do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in against me, to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he, that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for mine own honour, if he came in; therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oliv. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which, thou shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have, by underhand means, laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me, his natural brother; therefore, use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his

neck, as his finger; and thou wert best look to't; for, if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison; entrap thee by some treacherous device; and never leave thee, till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but, should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Charles. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more.—And so, Heaven keep your worship! [*Exit.*

Oliv. Farewell, good Charles!—Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Lawn before the DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be ıerry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am ıistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, ou must not learn me how to remember any extraırdinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lov'st me not with the full veight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished ather, had banished thy uncle, the Duke, my father, o thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught ny love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, f the truth of thy love to me were so righteously empered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, o rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor ıone is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou ıhalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from hy father perforce, I will render thee again in affecion; by mine honour, I will; and, when I break hat oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports; et me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal; ıut *love no man in good* earnest; nor no further in

sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Cel. No! When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire? [*Without*—TOUCHSTONE *sings.*]—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool, to cut off the argument.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or, if he had, he had sworn it all away, before ever he saw those pancakes, or that mustard.

Cel. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau; what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said! that was laid on with a trowel.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence——

Ros. With bills on their necks,—"Be it known unto all men, by these presents"——

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles, in a moment, threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why this, that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it. [*Flourish.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, EUSTACE, LOUIS, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and* ATTENDANTS.

Fred. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke. How now, daughter and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies—see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke. Do so; I'll not be by. [*Goes to his seat.*

Le Beau. Monsieur, the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles, the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess, he is the general challenger; I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprize. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the Duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein, I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed, that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead, that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me—the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a

place, which may be better supplied, when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you!

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well! 'Pray Heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Charles. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke. You shall try but one fall.

Charles. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets while they wrestle.* CHARLES *is thrown.*

Duke. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not well breathed.

Duke. How dost thou, Charles?

Touch. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke. Bear him away.—What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege: the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke. I would thou hadst been son to some man else!

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
I would thou hadst told me of another father!

[*Exit* DUKE, *with his Train.*

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.
Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?
Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.
Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him;
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.
Ros. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a Chain from her Neck.*
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?
Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman!
Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that, which here stands up,
Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeless block.
Ros. He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.
Cel. Will you go, coz?
Ros. Have with you.—Fare you well!
[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.
Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue!
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
Oh, poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet, such is now the duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous;—what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir; and pray you, tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter's company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that, of late, this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But, that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her, for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well!
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you; fare you well!
[*Exit* LE BEAU.
Thus must I, from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind; Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one, to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me.—But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my father's child. Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry, hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. Oh, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. Oh, a good wish upon you!—But turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke, my father, loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate

him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do.

Cel. Ha! here comes the duke, with his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, EUSTACE, LOUIS, *and* GENTLEMEN.

Fred. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court!

Ros. Me, uncle?

Fred. You, cousin:
Within these ten days, if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it!

Ros. [*Kneeling.*] I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me!
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Fred. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Fred. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highness took his dukedom.
So was I, when your highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord,
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.
Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak!
Fred. Ay, Celia; we but stay'd her for your sake;
Else had she with her father ranged along.
Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay,—
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse.
If she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And, wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.
Fred. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her:
Then open not thy lips;
Firm, and irrevocable, is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her—she is banish'd.
Cel. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.
Fred. You are a fool!—You, niece, provide yourself;
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die!
[*Exeunt* DUKE FREDERICK, *&c.*
Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers?—I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.
Ros. I have more cause.
Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?
Ros. That he hath not.
Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love,
Which teacheth me, that thou and I are one.

Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what canst, I'll go along with thee!

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle, in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves, sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire;
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe by my side,
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart,
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And, therefore, look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels, and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way

us from pursuit, that will be made
y flight.
Now, go we in content,
rty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

OLIVER'S *House.*

Enter ORLANDO.—*Knocks at the Door.*

Orl. Who's there?

Enter ADAM.

Adam. What! my young master?—Oh, my gentle
master,
h, my sweet master! Oh, you memory
f old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
/hy are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
nd wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
/hy would you be so fond to overcome
he bony priser of the humorous duke?
our praise is come too swiftly home before you.
now you not, master, to some kind of men,
heir graces serve them but as enemies?
o more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
re sanctified and holy traitors to you.

Oh, what a world is this, when, what is comely,
Envenoms him that bears it!
Orl. Why, what's the matter?
Adam. Oh, unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof,
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother
Hath heard your praises; and this night, he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it; if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.
Orl. Why, whither, Adam, would'st thou have me go?
Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.
Orl. What, would'st thou have me go and beg my food?
Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.
Adam. But do not so; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that; and He, that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold:—
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet, I am strong and lusty;
For, in my youth, I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not, with unbashful forehead, woo
The means of weakness and debility;

Therefore, my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly;—let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man,
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. Oh, good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And having that, do cloke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
But, come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And, ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now, almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years, many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES, *and Two or Three* LORDS, *like Foresters.*

Duke. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet,

Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites, and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,—
This is no flattery: these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly, and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it.

Amiens. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet, and so sweet a style.

Duke. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gored.

Jaques. Indeed, my lord,
I have often grieved at that;
And, in that kind think you do more usurp,
Than doth your brother, that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my Lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal
Behind an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears

Coursed one another down his innocent nose,
In piteous chase; and thus, the hairy fool
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said you?
Did you not moralize this spectacle?

Jaques. O, yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth I, thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that, which had too much:—Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;—
'Tis right, quoth I; thus, misery doth part
The flux of company:—Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him;—Ay, quoth I,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus pierced I through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; for we, my lord,
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke. Show me the place;
I love to cope you in these sullen fits,
For then you're full of matter.

Jaques. I'll bring you to it straight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, EUSTACE, LOUIS, *and* GENTLEMEN.

Fred. Can it be possible, that no man saw them?
It cannot be; some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.
1 *Gent.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.
2 *Gent.* My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter, and her cousin, much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler,
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.
Fred. Send to his brother: fetch that gallant hither; [*Exit* EUSTACE.
I'll make him find him—do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail,
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Forest.

Enter JAQUES, AMIENS, *and Three other* LORDS.

Jaques. More, more; I pr'ythee more.

Amiens. It will make you melancholy, Jaques.

Jaques. I thank it; I do love it better than laughing.

Amiens. Those, that are in the extremity of either, are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaques. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my after rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.—Sing, I pr'ythee sing.

Amiens. My voice is rugged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaques. I do not desire you to please me, I desire you to sing.—I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel can suck eggs. Come, warble, warble.

SONG.—AMIENS.

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,

And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall ye see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Amiens. And we'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND, *in Boy's Clothes, for Ganymede;* CELIA, *dressed like a Shepherdess, and* TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman: but I must comfort

veaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show
f courageous to petticoat! therefore, courage,
l Aliena.
el. I pray you, bear with me; I can go no fur-
.
ouch. For my part I had rather bear with you,
. bear you; yet I should bear no cross, if I did
you; for, I think you have no money in your
e.
os. Well, this is the forest of Arden.
ouch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I;
n I was at home, I was in a better place; but
ellers must be content.
os. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you,
comes here; a young man, and an old, in so-
n talk.

Enter CORIN *and* SYLVIUS.

rin. That is the way to make her scorn you still.
lv. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her.
rin. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.
lv. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;
ugh in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
ver sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
if thy love were ever like to mine
sure I think did never man love so)
many actions most ridiculous
t thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?
rin. Into a thousand that I have forgotten,
lv. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily;
ou remember'st not the slightest folly
t ever love did make thee run into,
u hast not loved:
f thou hast not talk'd as I do now,
rying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
u hast not loved:
f thou hast not broke from company,

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.—Oh, Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!
[*Exeunt* CORIN *and* SYLVIUS.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming o'nights to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be aware of mine own wit, 'till I break my shins against it.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yon man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holloa! you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool! he's not thy kinsman.

Enter CORIN.

Corin. Who calls!

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Corin. Else they are very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say: Good even to you, friend.

Corin. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed:
Here's a young maid, with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Corin. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,

fortunes were more able to relieve her:
I am shepherd to another man,
d do not sheer the fleeces that I graze;
master is of churlish disposition,
d little recks to find the way to heaven
doing deeds of hospitality:
ides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
e now on sale, and at our sheep-cote now,
reason of his absence, there is nothing
at you will feed on; but what is, come see,
d in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Ros. What is he, that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Corin. That young swain, that you saw here erewhile,
at little cares for buying any thing.
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
y thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
d thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Corin. Assuredly the thing is to be sold!
with me; if you like, upon report,
e soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
ill your very faithful feeder be,
d buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

dam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my ve. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart i
thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself
little: If this uncou h forest yield any thing savag
I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to the
Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. F
my sake be comfortable; hold death a while at t
arm's end: I will be here with thee presently! and
I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee lea
to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art
mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st chee
ly; and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest
the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some she
ter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner,
there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, go
Adam. [Exeu

SCENE VII.

Another Part of the Forest.

A Table set out.

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, *and* LORDS.

Duke. I think he is transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone henc
Here was he merry hearing of a song.

Duke. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—
Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour, by his own approach.
Duke. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily.
Jaques. A fool, a fool!——I met a fool i'the forest,
A motley fool—a miserable world!——
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool," quoth I: "No, sir," quoth he,
Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune:"
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see," quoth he, "How the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Enter ORLANDO, *with his Sword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaques. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.
Jaques. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility; yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nurture: But forbear, I say;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Duke. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you;
I thought, that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time:
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke. True is it, that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,

And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first sufficed——
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age, and hunger——
I will not touch a bit.

Duke. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke. Thou see'st, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaques. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow: Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,

That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Duke. Welcome: Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.
Orl. I thank you most for him.
Adam. So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes:—
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.—AMIENS.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Duke. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son——
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face——
Be truly welcome hither; I am the duke,
That loved your father: The residue of your fortune,

Go to my cave and tell me.——Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is:——
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, EUSTACE, LOUIS, OLIVER, *and* GENTLEMEN.

Fred. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, whereso'er he is;
Bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oliv. Oh, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

Fred. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors:
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do *this expediently*, and turn him going. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Forest.

Enter ORLANDO, *with a Paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And on their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Corin. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Corin. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he, that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:——That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is the lack of the sun: That he, that hath learned no wit by nature

ıor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of ı very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ɔver in court, shepherd?

Corin. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Corin. Nay, I hope——

Touch. Truly, thou art damned; like an ill-roasted ɛgg, all on one side.

Corin. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners: if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Corin. Not a whit, Touchstone: I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell weather; and to betray a she lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou should'st 'scape.

Corin. Here comes young Mr Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, *taking a Paper from a Tree, and reading.*

From the east to the western Inde,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.

All the pictures, fairest limn'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted it is the right butter-woman's rate to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:——

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind,
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind,
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: Why do y infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tr

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Enter CELIA, *with a Writing.*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading! stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this a desert be?*
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.

Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
This quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in a little show.
Therefore Heaven nature charged,
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarged:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind, of many parts
By Heavenly synod was devised:
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O, most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now! back, friends!—Shepherd, go off a little;—Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt* CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. Oh, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering, how

thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?—Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is?

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition?—What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and

when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. Thou must borrow me Garagantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under an oak-tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter JAQUES *and* ORLANDO.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft, comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

[CELIA *and* ROSALIND *retire.*

Jaques. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaques. Heaven be with you! let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaques. I pray you, mar no more trees, with writing love-songs on their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses, with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaques. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaques. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing yo she was christened.

Jaques. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaques. You are full of pretty answers: H not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wiv conned them out of rings?—Will you sit do me? and we two will rail against our mistr world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, self, against whom I know most faults.

Jaques. The worst fault you have is, to be

Orl. 'Tis a fault I would not change for y virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaques. By my troth, I was seeking for a foc I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook; look but you shall see him.

Jaques. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a

Jaques. I'll tarry no longer with you: f good signior Love!

Orl. I'm glad of your departure: adieu, goc sieur Melancholy!

[CELIA *and* ROSALIND *come f*

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacqu under that habit play the knave with him.— hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o'day; no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the fore sighing every minute, and groaning every hour *detect* the lazy foot of time, as well as a cloc

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnised; if the interim be but a se'ennight, time's pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain. These time ambles withal.

Orl. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for, though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here, in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was, in his youth, an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank Heaven I am not a woman to be touched with so many giddy offences, as he hath generally taxed their *whole sex withal.*

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. They were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not; a blue eye, and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having no beard is a younger brother's revenue—Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love!

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her *that you* love believe it; which, I warrant, she is *apter to* do than to confess she does; that is one of *the points* in the which women still give the lie to

isciences. But, in good sooth, are you he
gs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind
iired?
swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of
l, I am that he, that unfortunate he.
But are you so much in love as your rhymes

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how

Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you,
as well a dark house and a whip as madmen
l the reason why they are not so punished
ed is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the
s are in love too; yet I profess curing it by

Did you ever cure any so?
Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to
me his love, his mistress, and I set him every
woo me: At which time would I, being but a
i youth, grieve, be effeminate—changeable,
, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shal-
:onstant, full of tears—full of smiles; for every
something, and for no passion, truly, any
as boys and women are, for the most part,
f this colour: would now like him, now loath
ien entertain him, then forswear him; now
)r him, then spit at him; that I drave my
rom his mad humour of love, to a living hu-
)f madness; which was, to forswear the full
of the world, and to live in a nook, merely
c: And thus I cured him; and this way will
ipon me to wash your liver as clear as a sound
heart, that there shall not be one spot of
t.
I would not be cured, youth.
I would cure you, if you would but call me
d, and come every day to my cote and woo

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I will show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, nay, you must call me Rosalind: Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? Am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features? Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room: Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical!

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and, what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. And do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly, for thou swear'st to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope that thou did'st feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured: for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and, therefore, I pray the gods, make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though, I thank the gods, I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and, to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt: for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! as horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer has them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor.

Come, sweet Audrey;
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Outside of a Cottage in the Forest.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. Was is not is: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest, upon the duke, your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him; he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he: so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when *there is* such a man as Orlando?

Cel. Oh, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely; but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Corin. Mistress and master, you have oft enquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Corin. If you will see a pageant truly play'd
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain;
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:—
Bring us but to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter PHEBE *and* SYLVIUS.

Sylv. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me:—do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not; but say not so

In bitterness: The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death make
hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN.

Phebe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
Now do I frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill the
Sylv. O, dear Phebe,
If ever, as that ever may be near,
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds, invisible,
That love's keen arrows make.
Phebe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and when that time come
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.
Ros. And why, I pray you?—Who might be yo
mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once
Over the wretched? What, though you have beau
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you,
Than, without candle, may go dark to bed)
Must you, therefore, be proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale work:—Od's my little life!
I think she means to tangle mine eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.

You foolish shepherd! wherefore do you follow her?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favoured children:
'Tis not her glass, but you; that flatters her;
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets;
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
So, take her to thee, shepherd:—fare you well!

Phebe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not; if you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here, hard by:
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:——
Come, sister:—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN.

Sylv. Sweet Phebe!

Phebe. Hah! what sayest thou, Sylvius?

Sylv. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phebe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Sylvius.

Sylv. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.

Phebe. Sylvius, the time was that I hated thee.
And yet it is not that I bear thee love:
But since that thou can'st talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sylv. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old Carlot once was master of.

Phebe. Think not I love him though I ask for hi
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it—Wilt thou, Sylvius?
Sylv. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phebe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
Go with me, Sylvius. [*Exeun*

SCENE III.

The Forest.

Enter ROSALIND *and* ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind.
Ros. Why, how now, Orlando? where have yo
been all this while? You a lover!—An you serve m
such another trick, never come in my sight more.
Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour
my promise.
Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He th
will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and bre
but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in t
affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid ha
clapped him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him hear
whole.

l. Pardon me, dear Rosalind!
s. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in ght; I had as lief be wooed of a snail.
l. Of a snail?
s. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, rries his house on his head; a better jointure, I , than you can make a woman.—Come, woo me, ne, for now I am in a holiday humour, and like gh to consent:—What would you say to me now, were your very, very Rosalind?
l. I would kiss before I spoke.
s. Nay, you were better speak first; and when ere gravelled for lack of matter, you might take ion to kiss. Very good orators—when they ut, they will spit; and, for lovers lacking mat- he cleanliest shift is to kiss.
l. How, if the kiss be denied?
s. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there be- iew matter.
l. Who could be out, being before his beloved ess?
s. Am I not your Rosalind?
l. I take some joy to say you are, because I l be talking of her.
s. Well, in her person, I say——I will not have

l. Then, in mine own person, I die.
s. No, 'faith, die by attorney. The poor world ost six thousand years old, and in all this time was not any man died in his own person, vide- in a love cause. Troilus had his brains dashed ith a Grecian club; yet he did what he could before; and he is one of the patterns of love. ler, he would have lived many a fair year, h Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for Midsummer night: for, good youth, he went th to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being *with the cramp*, was drowned; and the foolish

chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Se
But these are all lies; men have died from tim
time, and worms have eaten them, but not for lo

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of
mind; for, I protest, her frown would kill me.

Enter CELIA.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly! But co
now I will be your Rosalind, in a more coming
disposition; and ask me what you will, I will g
it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, 'faith, will I, Fridays and Saturd
and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much
good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the pri
and marry us.—— Give me your hand, Orlando
What do you say, sister?

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin—Will you, Orlando——

Cel. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife
Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say—I take thee, Rosal
for wife.

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. Now, tell me how long would you have
after you have possessed her?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever; no, no,
lando; men are April when they woo, Dece

en they wed: maids are May when they are maids,
: the sky changes, when they are wives. I will be
re jealous of thee, than a Barbary cock pigeon
:r his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against
n; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in
' desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing,
e Diana, in the fountain, and I will do that, when
u are disposed to be merry: I will laugh like a hy-
a, and that, when you are inclined to sleep.

Orl. But, will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do!

Orl. O, but she is wise!

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this; : wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors upon a man's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut it, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, it will with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man, that had a wife with such a wit, he ght say—Wit, whither wilt?

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till u met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's d.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say—she came to seek you there. ou shall never take her without her answer, unless u take her without her tongue. Oh, that woman, at cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let r never nurse her child herself, for she will breed like a fool!

ROSALIND.—*Sings.*

When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady's smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,—
Cuckoo,—

Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,—
Cuckoo,—
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove! my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one cast away, and so—come death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind!

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so, God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice, that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu!

[Exit ORLANDO.

. You have simply misused our sex in your
rate.
:. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou
know how many fathom deep I am in love! But
not be sounded; my affection hath an unknown
n, like the Bay of Portugal.
. Or rather, bottomless; that, as fast as you
affection in, it runs out.—Look who comes

Enter SYLVIUS.

v. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
entle Phebe bid me give you this:
[*Giving a letter.*
w not the contents: but, as I guess,
e stern brow, and waspish action,
ı she did use as she was writing of it,
rs an angry tenor: pardon me,
ɔut as a guiltless messenger.
:. [*Reading.*] Patience herself would startle at
this letter,
ɔlay the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
ıys, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
alls me proud; and that she could not love me,
man as rare as phœnix: 'Od's my will!
ove is not the hare that I do hunt:
writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
s a letter of your own device.
v. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
: did write it.
:. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
le for challengers; why, she defies me,
Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
in their countenance:—Will you hear the let-
ter?
v. *So please you,* for I never heard it yet;

Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebe's me: Mark how the t
writes.

[Reads.] *Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?

Sylv. Call you this railing?

Ros. [Reads.] *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?—

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.—

Meaning me a beast.—

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Sylv. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no

Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her (for I see love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her:—"That, if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her." If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit* SYLVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

Oliv. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know,
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenced about with olive trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
Brings you to the place:
But, at this hour, the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oliv. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: "The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oliv. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am: What must we understand by this?

Oliv. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oliv. When last the young Orlando parted from you,

He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back! about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who, with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but, suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And, with indented glides, did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Ros. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived 'mong'st men.

Oliv. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando:—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oliv. Twice did he turn his back, and purposed so
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescued?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oliv. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?
Oliv. By and by.
When, from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place;——
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment.
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here, upon his arm,
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in this blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he, in sport, doth call his Rosalind.
Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede?
[ROSALIND *faints.*
Oliv. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede!
Oliv. Look, he recovers.
Ros. I would I were at home!
Cel. We'll lead you thither:—
I pray you will take him by the arm!
Oliv. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man!—
You lack a man's heart.
Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigho!
Oliv. This was not counterfeit: there is too great

testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oliv. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man

Ros. So I do: but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.

Oliv That will I; for I must bear answer back, How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey! a most vile Mar-text! But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we, that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Wil. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. Give ye good even, William.

Wil. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head; cover thy head: nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Wil. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name, William?

Wil. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name: Wast born i' the forest here?

Wil. Ay, sir, I thank Heaven.

Touch. Thank Heaven!—a good answer: Art rich?

Wil. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so! 'Tis good, very good, very excellent good,—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Wil. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well? I do now remember a saying; "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Wil. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Wil. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me; to have is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one, doth empty the other: For all your writers do consent that *ipse is he; now* you are not ipse, for I am he.

Wil. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must carry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave—the society,—which in the boorish is,—company—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman,—which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life unto death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will overrun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Wil. Rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey; I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Forest.

Enter OLIVER *and* ORLANDO.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? And you will persevere to enjoy her?

Oliv. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me: consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind!

Ros. Heaven save you, brother!

Oliv. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Ros. Oh! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. Oh, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—"I came, saw, and overcame:" For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, oh, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, you shall marry her: I know into what straights of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meaning?

Ros By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician: Therefore, put you on your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SYLVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Look here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers!

Phebe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study,
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phebe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sylv. It is to be made all of sighs and tears;—
And so I am for Phebe.

Phebe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sylv. It is to be all made of faith and service;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, if I can; [*To* SYLVIUS.]—I would love you, if I could; [*To* PHEBE.]—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*To* PHEBE.] if every I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [*To* ORLANDO.] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow.—I will content you, [*To* SYLVIUS.] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you love Rosalind, meet; [*To* ORLANDO.]—As you love Phebe, meet; [*To* SYLVIUS.] —And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well! I have left your commands.

Sylv. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phebe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter DUKE, ORLANDO, OLIVER, JAQUES, SYLVIUS, PHEBE, *and* FORESTERS.

Duke. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not:
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged;—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the* Du
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke. That would I, had I kingdoms to give
her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I b
her? [*To* Orla

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms kin

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing
[*To* Phe

Phebe. That will I, should I die the hour after

Ros. Keep you your word, O Duke! to give y
daughter:—

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Sylvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even. [*Exit* Rosali

Duke. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw hi
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest born;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Touch. [*Without.*] Come along, Audrey.

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey.

Jaques. There is, sure, another flood toward, a
these couples are coming to the ark! Here come
pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues
called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaques. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This

the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaques. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaques. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, sir; I desire of you the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious!

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaques. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed;—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir: I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the retort courteous. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: This is called the quip modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is called the reply churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he

would answer, I speak not true. This is called reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, would say, I lie. This is called the counterch quarrelsome; and so to the lie circumstantial, the lie direct.

Jaques. And how oft did you say his beard not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no farther than the lie circ stantial, nor he durst not give me the lie direct; so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaques. Can you nominate in order now the grees of the lie?

Touch. O, sir, we quarrel in print by the book you have books for good manners, I will name the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; second, the quip modest; the third, the reply ch lish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie w circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All th you may avoid but the lie direct; and you may av that too with an If. I knew when seven justices co not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were t themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as- you said so, then I said so; and they shook han and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-m ker; much virtue in If.

Jaques. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's g(at any thing, and yet a fool!

Duke. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, a under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or t I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:—
Duke Frederick, hearing how, that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power which were on foot,

In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, to put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again,
That were with him exiled: This, to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke. Welcome, young man:
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding.

A Dance, then enter HYMEN, *attended.*

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.

[HYMEN *goes to the top of the stage, brings forward* ROSALIND, *and presents her to the* DUKE—CELIA *comes forward.*

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.
[*To the* DUKE.
To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To* ORLANDO.

Duke. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:
[*To the* DUKE.
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:
[To ORLANDO.

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.
[*To* PHEBE.
Hym. Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning.
Duke. Oh, my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends,
That, here, were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry:——
Play, music;—and you brides, and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.
Jaques. Sir, by your patience;—If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?
Jaq. de B. He hath.
Jaques. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You, to your former honour I bequeath;
[*To the* DUKE.
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:
You, to a love, that your true faith doth merit:——
[*To* ORLANDO.
You, to your land, and love, and great allies:
[*To* OLIVER.
You, to a long and well-deserved bed:——
[*To* SYLVIUS.
And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
[*To* TOUCHSTONE.
Is but for two months victuall'd——
Touch. Come along, Audrey. [*Exit with* AUDREY.
Jaques. So to your pleasures;
I am for other, than for dancing measures.

Duke. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaques. To see no pastime, I :—What you would have,
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. If it be true, that "Good wine needs no bush," 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet, to good wine, they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues.—What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor can insinuate with you, in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnished like a beggar; therefore, to beg, will not become me: my way is, to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women! for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them: and I charge you, O men! for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive, by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that, between you and the women, the play may please. If I were among you, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, will, for my kind offer, when I make a courtesy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

FAL. WHAT SHALL THIS BE?
ACT V. — FAL. III.

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THE

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES-ROYAL,

COVENT-GARDEN AND DRURY-LANE.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

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REMARKS.

THE masculine understanding of Queen Elizabeth was so captivated by the comic scenes of the historical play, in two parts, of Henry the Fourth, that she commanded Shakespeare to introduce Falstaff in one drama more, and to make him in love.

Her Majesty had more respect for Falstaff than for the tender passion, or she certainly would not have wished it disgraced by such a votary. But possibly there might be morality in her design; for volumes written against the fatal delusions of love, could never be so effectual a cure to a sighing youth, or pining damsel, as to behold their own disorder raging in the bosom of one so little formed to excite a sympathetic sensation.

Shakespeare protected love from so vile a habitation, and placed avarice in its stead.

Johnson, speaking of this expedient of the great poet in favour of love, has bestowed the highest possible encomium on that prevailing power, by declaring,

"That by any real passion of tenderness, the selfish craft, the careless jollity, and the easy luxury of Falstaff, must have suffered so much abatement, that little of his former cast could have remained. Falstaff could not love, but by ceasing to be Falstaff."

Thus is love proclaimed as a general purifier from evil by one of our strictest moralists. The passion must therefore be ever considered as counterfeit, when unaccompanied by virtue and honour.

Dryden allows this play to be "exactly formed;" whilst the former critic says, "the conduct of this drama is deficient; the action begins and ends often before the conclusion, and the different parts might change place without inconvenience." He, nevertheless, acknowledges the work to be a fine combination of dramatic circumstances, and shelters the author's failings under the royal command. To write at command is indeed of all labour the most severe, as far as the torments of the mind, in general, exceed those of the body.

Though it is said that the Queen was graciously pleased to express her approbation of "The Merry Wives," when she attended the representation, yet the author was not so easily satisfied as his royal auditor; and after the date of its first performance, he added various alterations and improvements.

Independent of its merit as a comedy, the production is curious to the highest degree, as a faithful reporter of the manners and usages of that age, which the unadorned dialogue, and the unaffected personages of the drama, would confirm, even if Shakespeare's name was not affixed to the work.

This is one among the number of his dramas, that can never be performed but when the theatre in which it is played has in its service an actor of very *high* and very peculiar abilities. Henderson, about

twenty years ago, answered this description, and his Sir John Falstaff was accounted his very best character. Not, indeed, the individual Sir John of this comedy, which is far inferior, both in wit and humour, to the same man in Henry the Fourth.

From the time of Henderson's death, attempts had been made to revive Sir John, but he was cold as his great representative, till Mr Stephen Kemble was engaged to personate him a few nights at Drury Lane, and brought him to life for the period of his engagement. Since when, Cooke, at Covent-Garden, undertook his resuscitation, and will make him live as long as he lives himself.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	Covent-Garden.	Drury-Lane.
Sir John Falstaff	*Mr Cooke.*	*Mr Steph. Kemble.*
Justice Shallow	*Mr Simmons.*	*Mr Dormer.*
Abraham Slender	*Mr Liston.*	*Mr Collins.*
Fenton	*Mr Claremont.*	*Mr Bartley.*
Ford	*Mr Kemble.*	*Mr Wroughton.*
Mr Page	*Mr Murray.*	*Mr Powell.*
Dr Caius	*Mr Farley.*	*Mr Wewitzer.*
Sir Hugh Evans	*Mr Blanchard.*	*Mr Dowton.*
Host	*Mr Emery.*	*Mr Maddocks.*
Bardolph	*Mr Davenport.*	*Mr Webb.*
Pistol	*Mr Atkins.*	*Mr De Camp.*
Nym	*Mr Wilde.*	*Mr Evans.*
Robin	*Master Benson.*	*Master West.*
Simple	*Mr Menage.*	*Mr Purser.*
John Rugby	*Mr Beverley.*	*Mr Tokely.*
Mrs Page	*Mrs Mattocks.*	*Miss Pope.*
Mrs Ford	*Mrs Glover.*	*Miss Mellon.*
Anne Page	*Miss Waddy.*	*Mrs Sharpe.*
Mrs Quickly	*Mrs Davenport.*	*Mrs Sparks.*

Fairies, &c.

SCENE,—In and about Windsor.

THE

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Before PAGE'S *House.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not: I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust-ulorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *rat-ulorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero;* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that we do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done 't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that very person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pound of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed, give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page: Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [*Knocks at the door.*] What, hoa! 'pless your house here!

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is your friend, and Justice Shallow: and here young Master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed:—How doth good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.—I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotsale.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Shal. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within: and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, Master Page? He hath wrong'd me;—indeed he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, Esquire, saith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John

Enter FALSTAFF, ROBIN, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and* NYM.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter!

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight;—I have done all this:—That is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if't were known in counsel; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir John; good worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage:—Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Bar. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say: slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?——can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—Master Page, *fidelicet*, Master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine Host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,——

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. What phrase is this, *He hears with ears?* Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two-pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!——Sir John, and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilboe:
Word of denial in thy labras here;
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou ly'st.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say, *marry trap*, with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me: that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll never be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil company, for this trick: If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of heaven, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So heaven 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter ANNE PAGE *with Wine, followed by* MRS PAGE.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* A. PAGE.

Slen. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Enter MRS FORD.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*Kissing her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome:—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope, we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all but* SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* EVANS.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here:—

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple?—where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: Marry this, coz: There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off, by Sir Hugh here;—Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that, that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender; I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my cousin Shallow says

I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage—

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry is it; the very point of it;—to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth;—Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good-will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir,—I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt; but if you say, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the faul' is in the 'ort dissolutely: The 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

Enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne;—Would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

[*Exit* SHALLOW.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exit* EVANS.

Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth:—Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow:— [*Exit* SIMPLE.

A justice of peace some time may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: They will not sit, till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence; three veneys for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? Be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England:—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now; I have

seen Sackerson loose, twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it passed:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing; I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not chuse, sir; come, come. [*Exit* PAGE.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Anne. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome; you do yourself wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in PAGE'S *House.*

Enter EVANS, *with a Letter, and* SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Dr Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry-nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet;—give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and

require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page; I pray you, begone.—[*Exit* SIMPLE.] —I will make an end of my dinner: there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exit* EVANS.

SCENE III.

The Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth, and lime: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit* HOST.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd servingman, a fresh tapster: Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Fal. I am glad, I am so acquit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Enter PISTOL, NYM, *and* ROBIN.

Fal. Which of you know Ford, of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's.*

Pist. He hath studied her will; and translated her will; out of honesty into English.

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath a legion of angels.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious eyliads: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly,—

Pist, Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! She bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all.

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.
[*Exit* ROBIN.
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.
[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of his love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.

DR CAIUS' *House.*

Enter MRS QUICKLY, *with a Letter, and* SIMPLE.

Quick. What; John Rugby!—

Enter RUGBY.

I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire.
[Exit RUGBY.

An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: His worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way; but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?——O, I should remember him: Does he not hold up his head as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

[*Exit* RUGBY.

Quick. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man; go into this closet.

[*Shuts* SIMPLE *in the Closet.*

He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go enquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home: *and down, down, a-down-a, &c.* [*Singing.*

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Cains. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys: Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boîtier verd;* a box, a green-a box: Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you.—
I am glad he went not in himself: If he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

[*Exit* MRS QUICKLY.

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour,——la grande affaire.*

Enter MRS QUICKLY, *with a green Box.*

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. *Ouy; mettez le au mon* pocket; *Depéchez*, quickly;—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Enter RUGBY.

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long:——Od's me! *Qu'ay j' oublié?* Dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not, for the varld, I shall leave behind.

[*Exit* CAIUS.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. [*Within.*] *O diable, diable!* Vat is in my closet?—Villainy, *Larron!* Rugby, my rapier.

Enter CAIUS, *pulling* SIMPLE *out of the Closet.*

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so flegmatic; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parson *Hugh.*

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll never put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper: Tarry you a little while.

[*Exeunt* CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy:—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house, and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a great charge: And to be up early, and down late;—but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it;) my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page; but, notwithstanding that,—I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Enter CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Caius. You jack'napes; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh: by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his throat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:——you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here. [*Exit* SIMPLE.

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:——Do you not

tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—By gar, I vill kill de jack priest; and I vill appoint mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon:—By gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate.

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me.——By gar, if I have not Anne Page I shall turn your head out of door:—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt* CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that; never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I can do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there, ho?

Quick. Who's there, I trow?

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman; how dost thou?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you.—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale;——good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—We had an hour's talk of that wart:—I shall never laugh but in that maid's

company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing: But for you—Well—go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: If thou seest her before me, commend me—

Quick. Will I? ay, i' faith, that we will, and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

[*Exit* FENTON.

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; I know Anne's mind as well as another does:—Out upon 't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Before PAGE'S *House.*

Enter MRS PAGE, *reading a Letter.*

Mrs Page. What, have I 'scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see:

(Reads.) *Ask me no reason why I love you; for, though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: You are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy:* You

love sack, and so do I: Would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,) that I love thee: I will not say pity me! 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight. JOHN FALSTAFF.

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—What one unweigh'd behaviour has this Flemish drunkard pick'd out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as—

Enter MRS FORD.

Mrs Ford. Mrs Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs Ford. I could be knighted.

Mrs Page. What?—thou liest!

Mrs Ford. We burn day-light:—Here, read, read; —perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves.* What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him?—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names.

Mrs Ford. Why, this is the very same: the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he knew some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs Ford. Boarding, call you it?

Mrs Page. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. Oh, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs Page. Why, look, where he comes; and m
good man too: he's as far from jealousy as I am fro
giving him cause.

Mrs Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs Page. Let's consult together against thi
greasy knight:—Look, who comes yonder?

Mrs Ford. Mrs Quickly.

Mrs Page. She shall be our messenger to this pal
try knight.

Mrs Ford. Trust me, I thought on her; she'l
fit it. [*Exeunt*

Enter FORD *with* PISTOL, *and* PAGE *with* NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail-dog in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife:
He loves thy gally-mawfry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels:—
O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot b
night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds d
sing.—
Away, sir corporal Nym.——
Believe it, Page, he speaks. [*Exit* PISTO

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the humour
lying. He loves your wife; there's the short an
the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, an
I avouch. 'Tis true:—My name is Nym; and Fa
staff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humo
of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of i
Adieu. [*Exit* NY

Page. *The humour of it*, quoth a'! here's a fellow frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.—If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.

Page. How now, Master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me.

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these, that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head.—I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: There is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.

Enter HOST.

How now, mine host?

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero justice, I say.

Enter SHALLOW.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook?

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack, to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook, only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go an-heirs?

[*Exit* HOST.

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'Tis the heart, Master Page, 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Enter HOST.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt* HOST, SHALLOW, *and* PAGE.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stand so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open.—I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: And when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? Hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou I'll endanger *my soul gratis?* At a word, hang no more

about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go —You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent: What wouldst thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach. [*Exit* ROBIN.

Hence, rogue, avaunt,—go steal, and hang.

[*Exit* PISTOL.

Enter MRS QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn, as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,——

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—Well: Mistress Ford;——what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,——

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, (all musk) and so rusling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of;—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page has her hearty commendations to you too;—and, let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning

nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy,——

Enter ROBIN.

go along with this woman.—

[*Exeunt* MRS QUICKLY, and ROBIN.

This news distracts me.—Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH, *with a Cup of Sack.*

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit* BARDOLPH. Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor.—Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? go to; *via!*

Enter BARDOLPH, *and* FORD *disguised.*

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you,——

Fal. You're welcome; What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are; the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for, they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here

troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, John, take all, or half, for easing me of the c riage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me t hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook; I shall be g to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I will be brief with you:—You h been a man long known to me, though I had ne so good means, as desire, to make myself acquaint with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wher I must very much lay open mine own imperfectio but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another i the register of your own: that I may pass with a proof the easier, sith you yourself know, how e it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to y bestow'd much on her; follow'd her with a dot observance; fee'd every slight occasion, that co but niggardly give me sight of her; briefly, I h pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which h been on the wing of all occasions. But, whatsoe I have merited, either in my mind, or in my mea meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless perience be a jewel; that I have purchased at infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love p sues;

Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfacti at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all.—Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift: She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand

other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I would first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir.

Fal. Master Brook, I say, you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook, you shall want none.—I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford I am bless'd in your acquaintance.—Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which, his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: Master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt sleep with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold:—Come to me soon at night. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this!—

y heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who
ys, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent
him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made. Would
ry man have thought this?—See the hell of having
false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers
sack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not
aly receive this villainous wrong, but stand under
ie adoption of abominable terms, and by him that
oes me this wrong! Terms! names!—Amaimon
ounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet
ney are devil's additions, the names of fiends: but
uckold! wittol cuckold! the devil himself hath not
uch a name.—Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will
ust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather
ust Parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese,
r a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife
ith herself: then she plots, then she ruminates,
ien she devises; and what they think in their hearts
ney may effect, they will break their hearts but they
ill effect.—Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—
'en o'clock the hour;—I will prevent this, detect
y wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page.
will about it;—better three hours too soon, than
minute too late.—Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold!
uckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Windsor Park.

Enter CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no

come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vil kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villain-a, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear, here's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, PAGE, *and* SLENDER.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Master Doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good Master Doctor!

Slen. Give you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward of de vorld: he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian king, Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, Master Doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Master Page, though now I be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have show'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, Master Doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice:—A word, monsieur mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-vater, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman:—Scurvy jack-dog! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to it, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—But first, master guest and Master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about the fields: will it *do well?*

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de Welchman; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: but, first, sheathe thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mistress Ann Page is, at a farm-house a feasting: and thou shalt woo her: said I well?

Caius By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good: vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Frogmore.

Enter EVANS, *with a Book in his Hand, and* SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which

way have you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick*?

Simp. Marry, sir, the Pitty-ward, the Park-ward, every way; Old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Simp. I will, sir. [*Exit* SIMPLE.

Eva. 'Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad if he have deceived me: how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork; 'pless my soul!

[Sings.] *By shallow rivers, to whose falls*
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand vagrant posies.
By shallow——

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

[Sings.] *Melodious birds sing madrigals;*—

Enter SIMPLE.

Simp. Yonder he is, coming this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome;——

[Sings.] *By shallow rivers, to whose falls*——

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Simp. No weapons, sir:—There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. 'Pray you, give me my gown;—or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good-morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and *a good student from* his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. 'Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Eva. 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renown'd French physician.

Eva. Heaven's will, and his passion o' my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them asunder;—here comes Dr Caius.

Enter Host, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let a-me speak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. 'Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John Ape.

Eva. 'Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogs-combs, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine *Host de Jarterre,*—have I not stay for him to kill him? Have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welch, soul-curer, and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the pro-verbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:—Give me thy hand, celestial: so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.——Come, lay their swords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, *and* SIMPLE.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stock.—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scald, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—'Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter ROBIN *and* MRS PAGE.

Mrs Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, Mrs Page: Whither go you?

Mrs Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of:—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs Page. By your leave, sir:—I am sick, till I see her. [*Exeunt* MRS PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage; and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind:—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife; pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page; divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon,—[*The Clock strikes.*]—The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mock'd; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there.—

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, EVANS, CAIUS, RUGBY, *and* SIMPLE.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you all, go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her, for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good-will, father Page?

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth; he writes verses, he speaks holiday; he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much; my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner; besides your cheer, you shall have sport: I'll shew you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, Master Page;—and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well.—We shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* SIMPLE.

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit* HOST.

Ford. I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance.—Will you go, gentles?

[*Exeunt* FORD, PAGE *and* EVANS.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exeunt* CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

SCENE III.

FORD'S *House.*

Enter MRS FORD *and* MRS PAGE.

Mrs Ford. What, John! what, Robert!
Mrs Page. Quickly, quickly:—is the buck-basket—
Mrs Ford. I warrant:——What, Robin, I say.

Enter JOHN *and* ROBERT, *with a Basket.*

Mrs Page. Come, come, come.
Mrs Ford. Here, set it down.
Mrs Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.
Mrs Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard-by in the brew-house; and, when I suddenly call on you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering,) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames' side.
Mrs Page. You will do it?
Mrs Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Begone, and come when you are call'd. [*Exeunt* JOHN, *and* ROBERT.
Mrs Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs Ford. How now, my eyas-musket? what news with you?
Rob. My master Sir John is come in at the back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs Ford. Do so:—Go, tell thy master, I am alone.—[*Exit* ROBIN.]—Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

Mrs Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit* MRS PAGE.

Mrs Ford. Go to then;—we'll use this gross pumpion; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. *Have I caught* thee, *my heavenly jewel?* Why, this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs Ford. O, sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France shew me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arch'd bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John:—my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier: I see what thou wert, if

fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs Ford. Believe me there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear, you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently. [*Exit* ROBIN.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs Ford. 'Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.— [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Enter ROBIN *and* MISTRESS PAGE.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs Page. O, Mistress Ford, what have you done? you're shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs Page. O well a-day, Mistress Ford! having

an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you!—how am I mistook in you!

Mrs Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs Ford. Speak louder.—[*Aside.*]—'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs Page. Pray heaven, it be not so, that you have such a man here; but, 'tis most certain, your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but, if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you: defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs Page. For shame, never stand *you had rather*, and *you had rather;* your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance; in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw the linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, (it is whiting-time,) send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs Ford. He's too big to go in there:—What shall I do?

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel;—I'll in.

Mrs Page. What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee,—help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the Basket, they cover him with the Linen.*

Mrs Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, Mistress Ford:— [*Exit* ROBIN. You dissembling knight!

Mrs Ford. What, John, Robert, John!

Enter JOHN *and* ROBERT.

Go, take up these clothes here, quickly: Where's the cowl-staff?—Look, how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* EVANS.

Ford. 'Pray you, come near: If I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Mrs Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? you were best meddle with buck-washing!

Ford. Buck!—I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear.

[*Exeunt* JOHN *and* ROBERT, *with the Basket.* Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night; I'll tell you my dream.—Here, here, here be my keys; ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox:—Let me stop this way first:—So, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen.

[*Exit* FORD

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exit* PAGE

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies. [*Exit* EVANS

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France. [*Exit* CAIUS

Mrs Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs Ford. I know not which pleases me better that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket!

Mrs Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff.

Mrs Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD *and* PAGE.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be, the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs Page. Heard you that?

Mrs Ford. Ay, ay; peace!——You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts! (Exit MRS FORD

Ford. Amen.

Mrs Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford. [*Exit* MRS PAGE.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Enter EVANS *and* CAIUS.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment.

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see, 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well:—I promised you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park.

Page. Let's go, gentlemen:—but trust me, we'll mock him,—I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.—'Pray you, go, Master Page. [*Exeunt* FORD *and* PAGE.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Page's House.

Enter Fenton *and* Anne Page.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet.
Anne. Alas! how then?
Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my e
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before m
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.
Anne. May be, he tells you true.
Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time
Albeit, I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, A
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more va
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed ba
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.
Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, si
If opportunity and humble suit
Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hi
[Fenton *and* Anne *ret*

Enter Mrs Quickly, Shallow, *and* S

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly
man shall speak for himself.
Slen. I'll make a shaft, or a bolt on't
but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afeard,

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Look handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? 'Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him;—'Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you. [*Exit* SHALLOW.

Anne. Now, Master Slender.

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or

nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, hav
made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happ
man be his dole! They can tell you how things go
better than I can: You may ask your father; her
he comes.

Enter PAGE, Mrs PAGE, *and* SHALLOW.

Page. Now, master Slender:—Love him, daugh
ter Anne.—
Why how now! what does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.
Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.
Mrs Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to m
child.
Page. She is no match for you.
Fent. Sir, will you hear me?
Page. No, good Master Fenton.
Come, Master Shallow:—come, son Slender; in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.
[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER
Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.
Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love you
daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good-will.
Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon foo
Mrs Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better hus
band.
Quick. That's my master, Master Doctor.
Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth
Mrs Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good mas
ter Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy;
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And, as I find her, so am I affected;

Till then, farewell, sir: she must needs go in:
Her father will be angry.

[*Exeunt* MRS PAGE *and* ANNE.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing now:—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains. [*Exit* FENTON.

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her; I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: What a beast am I to slack it!

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say.—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog

for a new-year's gift. The rogues sleighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Enter BARDOLPH, *with the Sack.*

Bard. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls.——Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter MRS QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave;—I cry you mercy:—Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Go, brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself.— [*Exit* BARDOLPH. How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men, they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once more to

come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir!

Exit MRS QUICKLY.

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O here he comes.

Enter FORD, *disguised.*

Ford. 'Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, master Brook,—you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife?—

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, Master Brook.

Ford. How, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook: but the peaking cornuto, her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the lord, a buck-basket: ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffer'd, to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who ask'd them once or twice, what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffer'd the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous bell-wether: next, to be compass'd, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that,—that am as subject to heat, as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge,

like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry, that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit is then desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding; I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her: Adieu.—You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, Master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he's at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid; yet, to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

FORD'S *House.*

The Buck Basket in the Room.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* MRS FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs Page. [*Within.*] What hoa, gossip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Enter MRS PAGE.

Mrs Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs Page. Indeed?

Mrs Ford. No, certainly.—Speak louder. [*Aside.*]

Mrs Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here,—

Mrs Ford. Why?

Mrs Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying *Peer-out, peer-out!* that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket: protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs Page. Why, then thou art utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket: May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none should issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came.—But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces: creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs Ford. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—— Mrs Page, how might we disguise him?

Mrs Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is, and there's her thrum hat, and her muffler too: Run up, Sir John.

Mrs Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Mrs Ford. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape: He cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch: forbade her my house, and hath threaten'd to beat her.—But is my husband coming?

Mrs Page. Ay, in good sadness is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: Let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit* MRS FORD.

Mrs Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! We cannot misuse him enough.—
We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act, that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old, but true, *Still swine eat all the draff.*

Enter MRS FORD, *with a Kerchief in her Hand,*— JOHN *and* ROBERT.

Mrs Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: Quickly, dispatch. [*Exit* MRS FORD.

John. Come, come, take up.

Robert. 'Pray, heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

John. I hope not.

Enter CAIUS, FORD, PAGE, *and* EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villains:—Somebody call my wife.— [*Exit* JOHN.
You, youth in a basket!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy, against me: Now, shall the devil be shamed.—What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Caius. *Ma foi,* master Ford, dis is not vell; *ma foi.*

Enter JOHN *and* MRS FORD.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Why, wife, wife,—Come hither, mistress Ford;—mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah, [*Pulls the Clothes out of the Basket*

Page. This passes.

Mrs Ford. Are you not ashamed? Let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket. Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: My intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable.—Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Caius. I shall tink, dis is not vell, master Ford, dis wrong-a you.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table sport; let them say of me, *As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.* Satisfy me once more, once more search with me.

[*Exeunt* JOHN *and* ROBERT

Mrs Ford. What hoa, mistress Page! Come you

and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt, of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is, beyond our element: We know nothing.——Come down, you witch; you hag, come down, I say.

Mrs Ford. Nay, good sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF *in Woman's Clothes, led by* MRS PAGE.

Mrs Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her:—Out of my doors, you witch! [*Beats him.*] you hag, you baggage, you pole-cat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Mrs Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs Ford. Nay, he will do it;—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: If I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again. [*Exit* FORD.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt all but* MRS FORD and MRS PAGE.

Mrs Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him.

Mrs Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs Page. Yea, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs Page. Come to the forge with it then,—shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON *and Host.*

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose;
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton.
Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection:—
Now, here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for us at church, 'twixt twelve and one;
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.
Host. Well, I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.
Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee.
[*Exeunt* FENTON *and Host.*

SCENE III.

FORD'S *House.*

Enter EVANS, PAGE, MRS PAGE, FORD, MRS FORD, *and* CAIUS.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.
Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?
Mrs Page. Within a quarter of an hour.
Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness: Now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late a heretick,
As firm as faith.
Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more;—
But let our plot go forward: Let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,

Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.
Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.
Page. How! to send him word, they'll meet him in the park
At midnight! fie, fie; he will never come.
Eva. You say he has been thrown in the rivers; and hath been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: Methinks there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.
Caius. So tink I too, by gar.
Mrs Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him hither.
Mrs Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner
You've heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.
Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:—
But what of this?
Mrs Ford. Marry, this is our device;——
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.
Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: When you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? What is your plot?
Mrs Page. That likewise we have thought upon.—

an Page, my daughter, and my little son,
nd three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
ike urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
ith rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
nd rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
s Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
et them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
ith some diffused song: upon their sight,
e two in great amazedness will fly:
en let them all encircle him about,
nd, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
nd ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
their so sacred paths he dares to tread
shape profane?

Mrs Ford. And, till he tell the truth,
et the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
nd burn him with their tapers.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; d I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the ight with my taber.

Ford. This will be excellent: I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies.

Eva. It is admirable pleasures, and fery honest nveries.

Mrs Ford. Let us about it.

All. Come, come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Garter Inn.

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? What,

thick-skin? Speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed: Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an *Anthropophaginian* unto thee: Knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robb'd; I'll call.——Bully knight! Bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? It is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Within.*] How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me: but she's gone.

Simp. 'Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, mussel-shell: What would you with her?

Simp. My master, master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the wo-

man herself; I had other things to have spoke with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'st.

Simp. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; say the woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike; who more bold?

Simp. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit* SIMPLE.

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.— [*Exit* HOST. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transform'd, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgell'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I was as crest-fall'n as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd since I foreswore myself at *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.——

Enter MRS QUICKLY, *with a Letter.*

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd! I have

suffer'd more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffer'd? yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak, and you shall hear how things go; and I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. [FALSTAFF *reads the Letter.*] Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together! sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling:—go—I'll hold —This is the third time: I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away.

Quick I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head and mince. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry *mum*; she cries *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough.

Page. The night is dark: light and spirits will become it well. No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MRS PAGE, MRS FORD, *and* CAIUS.

Mrs Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu.

[*Exit* CAIUS.

Mrs Page. Fare you well, sir.—My husband will

not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falsta
chafe at the doctor's marrying my dau
'tis no matter; better a little chiding, t
deal of heart-break.

Mrs Ford. Where is Nan now, and h
fairies? and the Welch devil, Evans?

Mrs Page. They are all couch'd in a
Herne's oak, with obscured lights; wh
very instant of Falstaff's and our meetin
at once display to the night.

Mrs Ford. That cannot choose but ar

Mrs Page. If he be not amazed, he will
if he be amazed, he will every way be m

Mrs Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs Page. Against such lewdsters,
Those that betray them do no treachery

Mrs Ford. The hour draws on;—To
the oak!

SCENE II.

Windsor Park.

Enter EVANS *and Fairies.*

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come, and rem
parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me i
and when I give the watch-'ords, do as
Come, come; trib, trib.

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Park.

A Clock strikes Twelve.

Enter FALSTAFF *with a Buck's Head on, clanking a Chain.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the gods assist me!—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest.—Who comes here? my doe?

Enter MRS FORD *and* MRS PAGE.

Mrs Ford. Sir John?—Art thou there, my deer?

Fal. Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves;* hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bride-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeathe your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

[*Noise by the Fairies within.*]

Mrs Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What shall this be?

Mrs Ford. }
Mrs Page. } Away, away.

[MRS FORD *and* MRS PAGE *run away.*

Enter EVANS, *and others, dress'd like Fairies.*

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch; no man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his Face.*

Eva. Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.
'Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set:—
But, stay; I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy!
Lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

All the Fairies speak.

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out.

During this rhyme, they pinch him.—DR CAIUS *comes one way, and steals away a Fairy in green;* SLENDER *another way, and he takes away a Fairy in white; and* FENTON *comes and steals away* ANNE PAGE.——*A noise of hunting is made within. All the Fairies, except* EVANS, *run away.* FALSTAFF *pulls off his Buck's Head, and rises.*

Enter FORD, PAGE, MRS FORD, *and* MRS PAGE.

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think we have watch'd you now;
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs Page. Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master *Brook,* Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here

ire his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, ne hath enjoy'd nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must be paid to Master Brook.

Mrs Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve heaven, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pince you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave your jealousies also, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my bairn in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? 'Tis time I were choaked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I lived to stand in the taunt of one that makes fritters of English?

Mrs Page Why, Sir John, do you think, though we could have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs Ford. A puff'd man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sacks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles, and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: Use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pander: Over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends:
Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs Page. Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

[*Aside.*]

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd!—I'll make the best in Gloster-shire know on't; would I were hang'd, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress

Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cry'd, *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

[*Exit* SLENDER.

Mrs Page. Good George, be not angry; I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozen'd; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paysan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page; by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs Page. Why, did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit* CAIUS.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes Master Fenton.

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

How now, Master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with Master Slender?

Mrs Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her; hear the truth of it.
You would have married her
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed:
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amazed; here is no remedy;—
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;—
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd must be embraced.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.

Eva. I will dance, and eat plums, at your wedding.

Mrs Page. Well, I will muse no further:—Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!——
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he to-night shall sleep with mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

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ANGELO. HE SHALL NOT, ISABEL, IF YOU GIVE ME LOVE.
Act II. SCENE IV.

Painted by Howard. Published by Longman & C.° March 1816. Engraved by Scott.

C

MEASURE FOR MEASURE;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

REMARKS.

SHAKSPEARE displays such genius in the characters, poetry, and incident of his dramas, that it is to be regretted, he ever found materials for a plot, excepting those of history, from any other source than his own invention. Had the plots of old tales been exhausted in his time, as in the present, the world might have had Shakspeare's foundation as well as superstructure, and the whole edifice had been additionally magnificent.

"Measure for Measure," like his other plays, is taken from an old story—Cinthio's novels, or a play of Whetstone's, has furnished the subject. The illustrious bard had certainly taste to despise many of those books from whence he borrowed his fable, and yet would not apply to his own prolific mind. This adoption of other men's plans, led him to adopt their incoherencies. He found he improved what they had done, and, content with improvement, stopped short of perfection.

Had Shakspeare been the inventor of the fable of the present play, he would assuredly have avoided

the incredible occurrences here inserted. Allowing that the Duke's disguise, as a friar, could possibly conceal him from the knowledge of his intimate friends, and that Angelo should be so blind a lover, as not to distinguish, in closest conference, her he loved from her he hated (for these are stage inconsistencies permitted for stage accommodation,) there still remains a most disgraceful improbability, in representing the deputy Angelo, a monster, instead of a man. The few lines he speaks in a soliloquy, offer a plea too weak for his enormity, in giving orders for the death of Claudio, after the supposed ransom paid by his sister. This plea is besides reduced in part from all show of reason, by a sentence which precedes it in the very same speech.—In that sentence, Angelo says—"He rests satisfied Isabella will not reveal her dishonour"—yet he has ordered the brother's execution, lest she should disclose this dishonour to him, and that he should proclaim it to all the world by taking his revenge.

But as this declaration of the deputy's is not made till after the brother is supposed to be dead, an auditor,—unacquainted with the story, and expecting but natural events,—when the order comes for the execution of Claudio, makes this conclusion—Angelo has detected the imposition (not unlikely) Isabella meant for him, and now pursues vengeance.

Here had been an argument for his cruelty, and it would have been of blacker dye, with a plausible motive. In fine, were Angelo less wicked, he would

be hated more;—but wickedness without views is but a pitiable insanity*.

Mrs. Siddons's exquisite acting, and beautiful appearance in Isabella, are proverbial—still, as a character of declamation, rather than of passion, she gives more exalted proof of her art in many other plays.

Mrs. Yates was admired in the part—both her person and voice were favourable for the representation—but Mrs. Siddons had not at that time appeared.

Henderson played the Duke well—Kemble performs it still better, as he has that dignity of person and manner in which Henderson was deficient.

But, with all the science of acting, "Measure for Measure" is a heavy performance. The grave scenes, except where some brilliant poetry is interspersed, are tedious and dull.—That Dr. Johnson, in his criticism on this play, should write in praise of the comic characters, seems surprising! To a delicate critic of the present day, and one thoroughly acquainted with his moral character, it must surely appear, as if Johnson's pure mind had been somewhat sullied by having merely read them.

* To vindicate this incident, the well-known story of Kirk may be told—but that proves no more than a possible, not a probable, event.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	COVENT GARDEN.	DRURY LANE.
THE DUKE OF AUSTRIA	*Mr. Young.*	*Mr. Kemble.*
ANGELO	*Mr. Terry.*	*Mr. Palmer.*
ESCALUS	*Mr. Murray.*	*Mr. Aickin.*
CLAUDIO	*Mr. C. Kemble.*	*Mr. Wroughton.*
LUCIO	*Mr. Jones.*	*Mr. Bannister.*
LEOPOLD	*Mr. Hamerton.*	*Mr. Dignum.*
FREDERICK	*Mr. Claremont.*	*Mr. Trueman.*
PROVOST	*Mr. Bellamy.*	*Mr. Caulfield.*
PETER	*Mr. Chapman.*	*Mr. Packer.*
ELBOW	*Mr. Blanchard.*	*Mr. Parsons.*
FROTH	*Mr. Menage.*	*Mr. Bland.*
POMPEY	*Mr. Liston.*	*Mr. Suett.*
ABHORSON	*Mr. Waddy.*	*Mr. Phillimore.*
BARNARDIN	*Mr. Emery.*	*Mr. R. Palmer.*
THOMAS	*Mr. Klanert.*	*Mr. Maddocks.*
ISABELLA	*Miss O'Neill.*	*Mrs. Siddons.*
MARIANA	*Mrs. Fawcett.*	*Mrs. Powell.*
FRANCISCA	*Miss Seymour.*	*Miss Tidswell.*
MRS. OVERDONE	*Mrs. Davenport.*	*Mrs. Booth.*

GUARDS, OFFICERS, *and other* ATTENDANTS.

SCENE,—Vienna.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

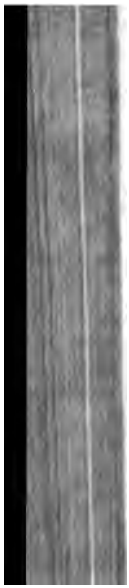
ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The DUKE'S *Palace.*

The DUKE, ESCALUS, FREDERIC, *and* LEOPOLD, *discovered.*

Duke. Escalus——
Esca. My lord.
Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse,
Since I am put to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you:
The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—
[ESCALUS *kneels, and takes his commission.*
Call hither,
I say, bid come before us, Angelo. [*Exit* LEOPOLD.
What figure of us, think you, he will bear?
For, *you must* know, we have, with special soul,



Enter LEOPOLD *and* ANGELO.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold:—
In our remove, be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Escal
Though first in question, is thy secondar
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. We have, with a leaven'd and
choice,
Proceeded to you; therefore take your h
[ANGELO *kneels and receives his c*
We shall write to you.

Duke. My haste may not admit it:
I'll privily away.—
[*Exeunt* LEOPOLD *and* FREDERICK.
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple; your scope is as mine own,
So to inforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good.—
Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The Heavens give safety to your purposes.

Esca. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you:—Fare you well.
[*Exit* DUKE.

Esca. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Esca. I'll wait upon your honour.
[*Exeunt* ANGELO *and* ESCALUS.

SCENE II.

The Garden of a Monastery.

Enter FRIAR PETER *and the* DUKE.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought:
Believe not, that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Peter. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
(A man of stricture, and firm abstinence,)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Peter. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,)
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep:
Now, as—(fond fathers
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use,)—in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose:
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Peter. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleased:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault, to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny, to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home:
And, to behold his sway,

I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar.—More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure, shall I render you;
Only this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses,
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt the* DUKE *and* FRIAR PETER.

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter LEOPOLD, LUCIO, *and* FREDERICK.

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why, then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

Fred. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

Leo. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest, like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

Leo. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

Fred. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal: there's not a soldier of us all, that in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

Leo. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

Enter MRS. OVERDONE.

Fred. How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Over. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

Lucio. Who's that, I pray thee?

Over. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

Fred. Claudio to prison! 'tis not so?

Over. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away: and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Over. I am too sure of it; and, they say, it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping. Away: let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt* LUCIO, LEOPOLD, *and* FREDERICK.

Over. Thus, what with the war, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter POMPEY.

How now? What's the news with you?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Over. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Pom. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Over. What proclamation, man?

Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Over. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth!—What's to do here?

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Provost to prison.

Over. Let's withdraw.

[*Exeunt* MRS. OVERDONE *and* POMPEY.

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, *and two* APPARITORS.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight:—
The words of Heaven:—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Enter LUCIO, FREDERICK, *and* LEOPOLD.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty;
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? Murder?

Claud. No.

Prov. Away, sir: you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they will do you any good.

Claud. Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true contract,
I got possession of Julietta's bed;
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so;
And the new deputy now for the Duke
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that fourteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn: and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me:—'Tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is, and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off.

Claud. I pry'thee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him;
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; besides, she has a prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, as for the enjoying of thy life, who

ld be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game
icktack. I'll to her.
Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.
Lucio. Within two hours.—
Claud. Come, officer, away.
[*Exeunt* PROVOST, CLAUDIO, FREDERICK, LEOPOLD, *the two* APPARITORS, *and* LUCIO.

SCENE IV.

A Nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA *and* FRANCISCA.

Isa. And have you nuns no further privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?
Isa. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood.
Lucio. [*Ringing without.*] Ho! Peace be in this place!
Isa. Who's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress.
Lucio. [*Ringing without.*] Peace be in this place! Ho!
Fran. He calls again; I pray you, answer him.
[*Exit* FRANCISCA.
Isa. Who is't that calls? [*Opens the door.*

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?
Isa. Why, her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.
Isa. Woe me! For what?
Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.
Isa. My cousin Juliet?
Lucio. Is she your cousin?
Isa. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names,
By vain though apt affection.
Lucio. She it is.
Isa. O, let him marry her!
Lucio. This is the point.
The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Upon his place,
And, with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth;
He hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit; he arrests him on it:
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace, by your fair prayer,
To soften Angelo:—And that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.
Isa. Doth he so seek his life?
Lucio. Has censured him

lready; and, as I hear, the Provost hath
warrant for his execution.
Isa. Alas! what poor ability's in me
o do him good?
Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isa. My power! Alas! I doubt—
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
nd make us lose the good we oft might win,
y fearing to attempt: Go to Lord Angelo,
nd let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
en give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
ll their petitions are as freely theirs
s they themselves would owe them.
Isa. I'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But, speedily.
Isa. I will about it straight;
o longer staying but to give the mother
otice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
ommend me to my brother: soon at night
l send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isa. Good sir, adieu.
[*Exeunt* ISABELLA *and* LUCIO.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

ANGELO'S *House.*

Enter ESCALUS, ANGELO, *and* PROVOST.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
tting it up to fear the birds of prey,

And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Esca. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,)
Had time cohered with place, or place with wishing,
Whether you had not, some time in your life,
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you?
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial.—Sir, he must die.
Esca. Be it as your wisdom will.
Ang. Where is the Provost?
Prov. Here, if it like your honour.
Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared:
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
Esca. Well, Heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
[*Exit* ESCALUS.
Prov. Is it your will, Claudio shall die to-morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? Hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?
Pro. Lest I might be too rash;
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.
Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.
Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitting place; and that with speed.

Enter THOMAS.

Tho. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.
Ang. Hath he a sister?
Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.
Ang. Well, let her be admitted.—[*Exit* THOMAS.
See you, the fornicatress be removed;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCIO.

Prov. Save your honour! [*Exit* PROVOST.
Ang. You are welcome: what's your will?
Isa. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.
Ang. Well, what's your suit?
Isa. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.
Ang. Well; the matter?
Isa. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Isa. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!
[*Retiring.*
Lucio. Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold.
Isa. Must he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Isa. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do't.
Isa. But can you, if you would?
Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isa. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?
Ang. He's sentenced; 'tis too late.
Isa. Too late! why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does.
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipp'd, like him; but he like you,
Would not have been so stern.
Ang. Pray you, be gone.
Isa. I would to Heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?

No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
Isa. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you, as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.
Isa. To-morrow! O, that's sudden? Spare him, spare him;
He's not prepared for death!
Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept;
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first man, that did infringe the edict,
Had answer'd for his deed.
Isa. Yet show some pity.
Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.
Isa. So you must be the first that gives this sentence;
And he that suffers: O, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Lucio. That's well said.
Isa. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder —
Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle:—O, but man, proud man,—
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep!
Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He's coming; I perceive 't.
Isa. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isa. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.
Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—Fare you well. [*Going.*
Isa. Gentle, my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me.—Come again to-morrow. [*Going.*
Isa. Hark, how I'll bribe you.

Ang. How! bribe me?
Isa. Ay, with such gifts, that Heaven shall share with you.
Lucio. You had marr'd all else.
Isa. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at Heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well, come to me to-morrow—
Isa. Heaven keep your honour safe! [*Retiring.*
Ang. Amen!—for I
Am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.
Isa. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Isa. 'Save your honour!
[*Exeunt* LUCIO *and* ISABELLA.
Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary?
O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her?
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? This virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smiled, and wonder'd how.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter ELBOW, POMPEY, FROTH, *and two* TIPSTAVES.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Enter ESCALUS *and two* APPARITORS.

Esca. How now, sir? What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir; and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Esca. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? Are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Esca. This comes off well; here's a wise officer. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Esca. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest, before Heaven and your honour,——

Esca. How, thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman.—

Esca. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself, also, as well as she, that this house is a naughty house.

Esca. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Esca. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Overdone's means; but as she spit in his face, [*Pointing at* FROTH.] so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before this varlet here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Pom. Sir, she came in, great with child, and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stewed prunes;—Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honour has seen such dishes; they are not china-dishes, but very good dishes.

Esca. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said—master Froth, here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well:—you being then—

Esca. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to Elbow's wife, once more.

Pom. Once, sir! there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Esca. Well, sir;—What did this gentleman to her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose; doth your honour mark his face?

Esca. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Esca. Why, no.

Pom. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Esca. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Esca. Which is the wiser here,—justice or iniquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Esca. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it:

What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Esca. Truly, officer, because he has some offences in him, that thou would'st discover if thou could'st, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou see'st, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Esca. Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship; for mine own part, I never come into any room in a tap-house, but I am drawn in.

Esca. Well. no more of it, Master Froth: farewell.—[*Exit* FROTH.]—Come you hither to me, Master Tapster; what's your name, Master Tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Esca. I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipped: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel;—But I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. [*Exit* POMPEY.

Esca. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master Constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Esca. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continuance in it some time: you say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Esca. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. 'Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Esca. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Esca. To my house: Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* ESCALUS, ATTENDANTS, ELBOW, *and* TRENCHAVER.

SCENE III.

ANGELO'S *House.*

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception.

Enter THOMAS.

How now, who's there?

Tho. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit* THOMAS.

O Heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isa. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isa. Even so?—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*

Ang. Yet may he live awhile:——and, it may be,
As long as you or I:—Yet he must die.

Isa. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isa. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not,

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin Heaven's image,
In stamps that are forbid.

Isa. 'Tis set down so in Heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather,—that the most just law
Now took your brother's life, or, to redeem him,
Give up your person to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isa. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

Isa. *How say you?*

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that: for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this;—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isa. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleased you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Isa. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isa. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself:—
But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isa. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isa. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,)—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desired of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were

No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasure of your person
To this supposed, or else let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isa. As much for my poor brother, as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My person up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isa. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slandered so?

Isa. Ignominy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isa. O pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out
To have what we'd have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isa. Else let my brother die.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isa. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words; be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.

Isa. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive I love you.

Isa. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
That he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isa. I know your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isa. Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
May vouch against you; and my place i'the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance.—Answer me to-morrow,

)r, by the affection that now guides me most,
'll prove a tyrant to him. [*Exit* ANGELO.
Isa. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Vho would believe me? O perilous mouths,
hat bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
ither of condemnation or approof!
idding the law make court'sy to their will;
ooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
o follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
hough he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
et hath he in him such a mind of honour,
hat had he twenty heads to tender down
n twenty bloody blocks he'd yield them up,
efore his sister should her person stoop
o such abhorr'd pollution.
'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
nd fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Prison.

Enter the DUKE, *as a Friar,* CLAUDIO *and* PROVOST.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life,—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skiey influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still: thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nursed by baseness: thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm:
Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st:
Thou hast nor youth, nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsy'd old: and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Isa. [*Without.*] What ho! peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? Come in: the wish deserves a welcome. [*Exit* PROVOST.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isa. [*Without.*] My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. [*Without.*] And very welcome.

Enter PROVOST, *and* ISABELLA.

Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be Conceal'd. [*Exeunt the* DUKE *and* PROVOST.

Claud. Now, sister, what is the comfort?

Isa. Lord Angelo, having affairs to Heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting lieger;
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isa. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isa. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isa. In such a one as you (consenting to't,)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isa. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?

If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in my arms.
Isa. There spake my brother! there my fa
grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted dept
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i'the head, and follies doth enmew
As falcon doth a fowl,—is yet a devil.
Claud. The priestly Angelo?
Isa. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In priestly guards!—Dost thou think, Claudio
If I would yield to him my honour up,
Thou might'st be freed?
Claud. O, Heavens! it cannot be.
Isa. Yes, he would give it thee, from this
offence,
So to offend him still: this night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.
Claud. Thou shalt not do't.
Isa. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.
Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.
Isa. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-mo
Claud. O, Isabel!—
Isa. What says my brother?
Claud. Death is a fearful thing.
Isa. And shamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not w
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside

In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isa. Alas, alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isa. O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame?
Take my defiance:
Die; perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel!

Isa. O fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Claud. O, hear me, Isabella!

Enter the DUKE, *as a Friar.*

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isa. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would, by and by, have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isa. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs, but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her, only, he hath made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death; do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon: I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit* CLAUDIO. Provost, a word with you.

Enter PROVOST.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit* PROVOST.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good: The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isa. I am now going to resolve him; but, O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he

made trial of you only: therefore fasten your ear on my advisings—to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law—do no stain to your own gracious person, and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isa. Let me hear you speak further; I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isa. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, her marriage dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isa. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort;—swallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she now wears for his sake, and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isa. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! but how out of this can she avail?

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her, the

continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that, in all reason, should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point,—only refer yourself to this advantage:—first, that your stay with him may not be long—that the time may have all shadow and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience:—this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment—go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense, and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled.—What think you of it?

Isa. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will, presently, to saint Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana: At that place call upon me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isa. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt* ISABELLA *and the* DUKE.

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter ELBOW, POMPEY, *and two* TIPSTAVES.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but, that you will needs buy and sell men and women like

beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.—

Enter the DUKE, *as a Friar.*

'Bless you, good father friar!

Duke. And you, good brother father!—What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; he keepeth a naughty house.

Duke Fie, sirrah!

The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live:
Go, mend; go, mend.

Pom. Sir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil hath given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his.—Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir.

Enter LUCIO.

Pom. I spy comfort; I cry bail: Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? what, at the wheels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom. Yes, 'faith, sir.

Lucio. Why 'tis not amiss, Pompey: farewell: go; say, I sent thee thither. Farewell, good Pompey; commend me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn good husband, now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your

mettle is the more: adieu, trusty Pompey.—'Bless you, friar!

Duke. And you!

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Pom. You will not bail me, then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go.

[*Exeunt* ELBOW, POMPEY, *and* TIPSTAVES.

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts trangression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to wenching would do no harm in him; something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, till eating and drinking be put down.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, to take away the life of a man for—would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand;—he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish:—the duke had crotchets in him:—he would be drunk, too: that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his:—a shy fellow was the duke:—and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon;—'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand,—the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helm'd, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation; therefore you speak unskilfully, or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return (as our prayers are he may), let me desire you to make your answer before him; if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays; and I say to thee, he would mouthe with the beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic; say, that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit* Lucio.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?—
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, *and two* Apparitors.

Esca. Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered, Claudio must die to-morrow; let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation; if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death. [*Exit* Provost.

Esca. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Esca. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see,
In special business from his holiness.

Esca. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it.—I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Esca. One, that above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Esca. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer that they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared: I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now he is resolved to die.

Esca. You have paid the Heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Esca. I am going to visit the prisoner: Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* ESCALUS *and* APPARITORS.

He, who the sword of Heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe:
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!—
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betroth'd, but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood, false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Prison.

Enter PROVOST, *with a Warrant, and* POMPEY.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah:—Can you cut off a man's head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping.

Pom. Sir, I will be content to be a hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What, ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abh. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution.

Abh. Fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. Provide your block and your axe, to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abh. Come on; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Pom. I desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare: for, truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt* ABHORSON *and* POMPEY.

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer,

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal.—Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour,
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself— [*Knocking without.*
But, hark, what noise?—
Heaven give your spirits comfort!

[*Knocking again.*—Exit CLAUDIO.

By and by:—
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter the DUKE, *as a Friar.*

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost!—Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others— [*Knocking again.*
Now are they come.— [*Exit* PROVOST.
This is a gentle provost: Seldom, when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. [*Speaking to one without.*] There must he stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,

You something know; yet, I believe there comes
No countermand:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter THOMAS, *with a Letter.*

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Tho. My lord has sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. [*Having read the order.*] I shall obey him. [*Exit* THOMAS.

Duke. Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on: methinks, strangely; for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [Reads.] *Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent to me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not

either delivered him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: If I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. 'Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? Having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and say it was the desire

of the penitent to be so bared before his death: You know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint, whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think, you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet, since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke: You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke; you shall anon overread it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here.—This is a thing that Angelo knows not.—Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd.—Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exeunt the* DUKE *and* PROVOST.

Enter POMPEY.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house; for here be many of her old customers.

Enter ABHORSON.

Abh. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! You must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine.

Abh. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barn. [*Within.*] A plague o' your threats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangman: you must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barn. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abh. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. 'Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abh. Go into him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Abh. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Barn. How now, Abhorson? What's the news with you?

Abh. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant is come.

Barn. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he, that drinks all night, and is hanged by times in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abh. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father:—Do we jest now, think you?

Enter the DUKE, *as a Friar.*

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing

how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barn. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore, I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barn. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barn. Not a word:—if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

[*Exeunt* BARNARDINE, ABHORSON, *and* POMPEY.

Enter PROVOST.

Duke. Unfit to live or die!

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here, in the prison, father,
There died this morning, of a cruel fever,
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,
Just of his colour: What, if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclined;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that Heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done,
And sent according to command.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.—
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:

And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done:—put them in secret holds,
Both Barnardine and Claudio: Ere twice
The sun hath made his journal greeting to
The under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependent.

Duke. Quick, dispatch,
And send the head to Angelo.— [*Exit* PROVOST.
Now will I letters write to Angelo,
Whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Enter PROVOST *with a Bag.*

Prov. Here is the head:—I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit* PROVOST.

Isa. [*Without.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel:—She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isa. The better given me by so holy a man.—
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isa. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other.—
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.
Isa. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven.—
Mark what I say; which you shall find,
By every syllable, a faithful verity:
The Duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;—
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.
Isa. I am directed by you.
Duke. This letter then to Friar Peter give;
'Tis that, he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home:—For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,

And shall be absent.—Wend you with this letter:—
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even! [*Exit* ISABELLA.
Friar, where is the Provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red:—If the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, thy brother had lived.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou know'st not the Duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman, than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to her.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end:—Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick.

[*Exeunt the* DUKE *and* LUCIO.

SCENE II.

ANGELO'S *House.*

Enter ESCALUS *and* ANGELO *with Letters.*

Esca. Every letter he hath writ has disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness—'Pray Heaven, his wisdom be not tainted!—And why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Esca. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Esca. He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed:—
I'll call you at your house:—
Give notice to such men of sort and suit,
As are to meet him.

Esca. I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit* ESCALUS.

Ang. This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid
And by an eminent body, that enforced
The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me?—
He should have lived,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,

With ransom of such shame.—'Would yet he had lived!—
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right!—we would, and we would not.
[*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Before the Gates of Vienna.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter, from the City, GUARDS, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, *two* APPARITORS, *and* GENTLEMEN:—*towards the City,* GUARDS, *the* DUKE, FREDERICK, LEOPOLD, PROVOST, *and* GENTLEMEN.

ANGELO *and* ESCALUS *kneel, and deliver their Commissions to the* DUKE.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.
Ang. Happy return be to your royal grace!
Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made enquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.
Ang. You make my bonds still greater.
Duke. O, your desert speaks aloud: Give me your hand,

And let the subject see, to make them know,
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand;—
And good supporters are you.

Enter FRIAR PETER *and* ISABELLA *from the City.*

Isa. Justice, O royal Duke!—Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said a maid!
O, worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!
Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom?
Be brief:
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice;
Reveal yourself to him.
Isa. O, worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear mé yourself; for that, which I must speak,
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me!
Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice——
Isa. By course of justice!
Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange,
Isa. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak;
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?
That Angelo is
A hypocrite, a virgin violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?
Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.
Isa. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her:—Poor soul!
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.
Isa. O, I conjure thee, prince, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain; believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.
Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad (as I believe no other,)
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,—
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As ne'er I heard in madness.
Isa. O, gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear.
Duke. Many, that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?
Isa. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication,
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother: one Lucio
Was then the messenger.
Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace.
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.
Isa. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.
Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.
Duke. I wish you now then;
'Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray Heaven, you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your honour.
Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.
Isa. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.
Isa. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy—
Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.
Isa. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again: The matter?—Proceed.
Isa. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied;
(For this was of much length;) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by my unchaste surrender,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is most likely!
Isa. Oh, that it were as like as it is true!
Duke. By Heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not
what thou speak'st;
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice: First, his integrity
Stands without blemish;—next, it imports no reason,
That *with such* vehemency he should pursue

Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou camest here to complain?

Isa. And is this all?
Then, O, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil, which is here wrapp'd up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone:—An officer!—
To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.—
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isa. One that I would were here,—Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike:—Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swinged him soundly.

Duke. Words against me! This' a good friar belike?
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison; a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused: First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute;
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

[*Exit* FRIAR PETER.

Take her hence awhile.—

[*Exeunt* ISABELLA *and two* APPARITORS.

Give us some seats.— [GENTLEMEN *fetch two chairs.*

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?

O Heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—

Come, cousin Angelo;

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge

Of your own cause.— [*The* DUKE *and* ANGELO *sit.*

Enter MARIANA, *veiled, and* FRIAR PETER.

Is this the witness, friar?

First, let her show her face; and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face,

Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then:

Neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was married;

And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:

I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not

That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk, then, my lord? it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for my Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:
She, that accuses him,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No?—You say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo.

Ang. This is a strange abuse: Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou sworest was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: 'twas I
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,
In her imagined person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her: which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity; since which time, of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince, [*Kneels.*
As there comes light from Heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows:
As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument! [*Rises.*

Ang. I did but smile till now; [ANGELO *starts up.*
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.——
[*The* DUKE *rises.*
Thou foolish friar,—and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation?—You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.—
There is another friar, that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint.
Your Provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.— [*Exit* PROVOST.
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,

In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you: stir not you, till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers.

Esca. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.

[*Exit* DUKE.—ANGELO *and* ESCALUS *sit.*

Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum:* honest in nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the Duke.

Esca. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him.—We shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Esca. Know you that Friar Lodowick that he speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not saucy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman:
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport his grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously: believe it.

Peter. Well he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: Upon his mere request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo,) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false: and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented.

Esca. Call that same Isabel here once again.—

[*Exit a* GENTLEMAN.

I would speak with her:—'Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Enter the GENTLEMAN, ISABELLA, *and two* APPARITORS.

Esca. Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the Provost.

Esca. In very good time:—Speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Enter the DUKE, *as a Friar, and* PROVOST.

Esca. Come, sir: Did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? They have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Esca. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometimes honour'd for his burning throne:—
Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Esca. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:
Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least:—But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the Duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Esca. Why, thou unreverent and unhallow'd friar,
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul-mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the Duke himself;
To tax *him with* injustice!—Take him hence;

To the rack with him:—We'll touze you joint by joint
But we will know this purpose:—What! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot: the Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-ran the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand, like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Esca. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman baldpate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. O, did you so?—And do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the Duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Esca. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal:—Away with him to prison:—Where is the Provost?—

Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more:—Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion. [*The* PROVOST *lays hands on the* DUKE.

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir:—Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's habit, and discovers the* DUKE.

Duke. Thou art the first knave that ever made a duke.

First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three:——
Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you
Must have a word anon:—Lay hold on him.

[*The* APPARITORS *seize* LUCIO.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down:— [*To* ESCALUS.

We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave.—

[*To* ANGELO.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office! If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O, my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes: then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.

Isa. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to
Your brother's death, I know, sits at yo
And you may marvel, why I obscured n
Labouring to save his life; and would n
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden
Than let him so be lost: O, most kind
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came
That brain'd my purpose: But, peace b
That life is better life, past fearing death
Than that which lives to fear: make it
fort,
So happy is your brother.

Enter MARIANA, ANGELO, PROVOST,
PETER.

Isa. I do, my lord.

Of sacred chastity, and of promise breach,)
We do condemn him to the very block·
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.

Mari. O, my most gracious lord,
I hope, you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come:—Away with him;—
[GUARDS *advance.*
His fault thus manifested,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
"An Angelo for Claudio, death for death."
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and "Measure still for Measure."

Mari. Gentle my liege— [*Falls on her knees.*

Duke. You do but lose your labour;
Away with him to death.
[GUARDS *draw their swords, advancing.*

Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part:
Lend me your knees, and, all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me:—
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad; so may my husband.—
O, Isabel!—Will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isa. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother lived: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die: My brother had but justice
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—
[*They rise.*
I have bethought me of another fault:—
Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not:
Yet did repent me after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would, thou hadst done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither, let me look upon him.
[*Exit* PROVOST *into the city.*

Esca. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Enter PROVOST, BARNARDINE, *and* CLAUDIO, *muffled from the City.*

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou art condemn'd;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy, to provide
For better times to come:—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—

[*Exeunt* BARNARDINE *and* FRIAR PETER, *into the city.*

What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I saved,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd.

[CLAUDIO *discovers himself,*—ISABELLA *runs and embraces him.*

By this, Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.—

I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon;—
You, sirrah,—that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman:—
Wherein have I deserved so of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick: If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city,
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a punk! Your highness said, even now, I made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompense me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.—
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits:—Take him to prison;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sir,—
Slandering a prince deserves it.—

[*Exeunt* LUCIO *and two* APPARITORS.

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore:—
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo:—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.—
For thee, sweet saint,—if for a brother saved,
From that most holy shrine thou wert devoted to,
Thou deign to spare some portion of thy love,

Thy Duke, thy Friar, tempts thee from thy vow:
In its right orb let thy true spirit shine,
Blessing both prince and people:—thus we'll reign,
Rich in possession of their hearts, and, warn'd
By the abuse of delegated trust,
Engrave this royal maxim on the mind,
To rule ourselves, before we rule mankind. [Exeunt.

THE END.

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